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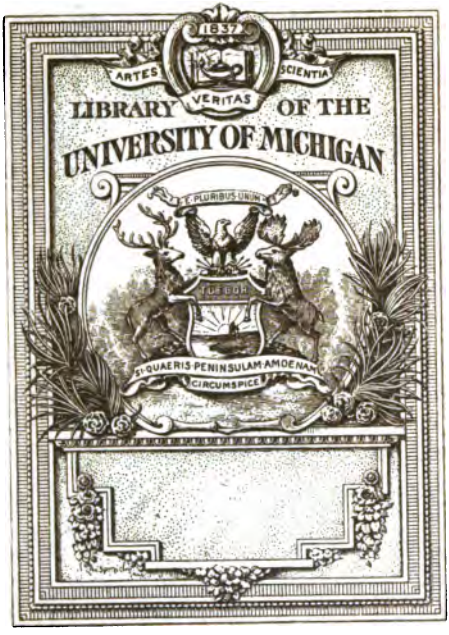

THE GIFT OF
Dr. Warren Lombard

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THE

BRITISH CLASSICS:

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FIRST.

CONTAINING THE

SEVENTEENTH VOLUME

OF

SWIFT'S WORKS.

1813.

VOLTAIRE.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT.

FROM LADY MASHAM.*

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 1723-4.

It is impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one, whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you; but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a persen living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed, now I can show it only in expressions; but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so than her who is

Your most affectionate humble servant,

H. MASHAM.

My lord, children, brother, and sister are your humble servants.

* Endorsed, "Received Feb. 20, 1723-4." N.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD, *April* 28, 1724.

MANY of the principal persons in this kingdom, distinguished for their loyalty to his present majesty, hearing that I had the honour to be known to your excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly, since you were declared lord lieutenant of this kingdom, to represent to your excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to pass in Ireland. Your excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: and upon inquiry you will find, that there is not one person of any rank or party, in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation. Neither is it doubted, that when your excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people, will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to send you enclosed two small tracts on this subject, one written (as it is supposed) by the Earl of Abercorn; the other is entitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope your excellency will forgive an old humble servant, and one who always loved and esteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done, if many of the greatest persons here had not, by their importunity, drawn him out of his retirement, to venture giving you a little trouble, in hopes to save their country from utter destruction; for which the memory of your government will be blessed by posterity.

I hope to have the honour of seeing your excellency here; and do promise neither to be a frequent visiter, nor troublesome solicitor, but ever, with the greatest respect, &c.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, *June* 9, 1724.

It is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your excellency, upon a subject wherein the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I writ at the desire of several considerable persons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

I could have wished your excellency had condescended so far, as to let one of your under clerks have signified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world; but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived with while I was in it: and I can say, that during the experience of many years, and many changes in affairs, your excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities, I should think myself to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was so humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witnesses enough left,

after all the havoc made among them, by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

I know not how your conceptions of yourself may alter, by every new high station; but mine must continue the same, or alter for the worse.

I often told a great minister, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the same man through all the progress of power and place. I expected the like in your lordship; and still hope that I shall be the only person who will ever find it otherwise.

I pray God to direct your excellency in all your good undertakings, and especially in your government of this kingdom.

I shall trouble you no more; but remain, with great respect, My lord,

Your excellency's
most obedient and
most humble servant.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, *Arlington-Street, June* 20, 1724.

To begin by confessing myself in the wrong, will, I hope, be some proof to you, that none of the stations which I have gone through have hitherto had the effects upon me which you apprehend. If a month's silence has been turned to my disadvantage in your esteem, it has at least had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindness of your reproaches, as well as by the goodness of your advice, that you still retain some part of your former friendship for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you express yourself: and I shall not forfeit my pretensions

to the continuance of it, by doing any thing that shall give you occasion to think that I am insensible of it.

But to come to the point: your first letter is dated the 28th April, your second the 9th of June. By the date of this, you will see that the interval of silence may be accounted for by a few excursions which I have made into the country: therefore I desire you will put the most favourable sense.

The principal affair you mention is under examination;* and till that is over, I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter, than that, which I am naturally led to make, by the general aversion which appears to it in the whole nation.

I hope the nation will not suffer by my being in this great station; and if I can contribute to its prosperity, I shall think it the honour and happiness of my life. I desire you to believe what I say, and particularly when I profess myself to be, with great truth, Sir,

Your most faithful and
affectionate humble servant,
CARTERET.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD, *July* 9, 1724.

I HUMBLY claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the last writer, yet, with great acknowledgments for your condescension in answering my letters, I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am

* That of Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence and farthings for Ireland, which was referred to the lords of the privy council of England, who, on the 24th of July, 1724, drew up a report, justifying the patentee. B.

in the circumstances of a waiting woman, who told her lady, "That nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie." But what is worse, I have discovered in myself somewhat of the bully; and that after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the most distant attender at your levee. It is well your excellency's talents are in few hands; for, if it were otherwise, we, who pretend to be free speakers in quality of philosophers, should be utterly cured of our forwardness; at least I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your excellency. Yet, my lord, I am ten years older than I was when I had the honour to see you last, and consequently ten times more testy. Therefore I foretel that you, who could so easily conquer so captious a person, and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My lord, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, *Dublin, July* 14, 1724.

YOUR grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the primate's death,* who

* When our author was chaplain to Lord Berkeley, he was set aside from the deanery of Derry on account of youth; but, as if his stars had destined to him a parallel revenge, he lived to see the bishop of Derry afterward set aside on account of age. That prelate had been archbishop of Dublin many years, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr. Lindsay died, Upon his death, archbishop King immediately laid claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these

died yesterday, at twelve o'clock at noon. He had left off spitting for about ten days before; and the want of that is thought to have been the immediate cause of his death, although he eat heartily until the two last days. He has left the bishop of Kildare, and his steward Mr. Morgan, his executors, who were both out of town; but I suppose are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left 40,000l.; others report he died poor.

The vogue is, that your grace will succeed him, if you please: but I am too great a stranger to your present situation at court to know what to judge But if there were virtue enough, I could wish your grace would accept the offer, if it should be made you; because I would have your name left to posterity among the primates; and because entering into a new station is entering, after a sort, on a new lease of life; and because it might be hoped, that your grace would be advised with about a successor; and because that diocese would require your grace's ability and spirit to reform it; and because—but I should never be at an end if I were to number up the reasons why I would have your grace in the highest stations the crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet relating to Dr. Stephen's hospital, and therefore I brought them home to the deanery. I opened the cabinet in the presence

pretensions were prevalent: he was looked upon as too far advanced in years to be removed. The reason alleged was as mortifying as the refusal itself: but the archbishop had no opportunity of showing his resentment, except to the new primate Dr. Boulter, whom he received at his own house, and in his dining parlour, without rising from his chair; and to whom he made an apology, by saying, in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance, 'My lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because you know I am too old to rise.' See Orrery's Remarks, Let. iii. W. B.

of Mr. Bouhereau, and saw one paper, which proved a bank note for 500l. The greatness of the sum startled me, but I found it belonged to the same hospital; I was in pain, because workmen were in the room and about the house. I therefore went this morning to St. Sepulchre's; and, in the presence of Mrs. Green,* I took away the note, and have secured it in my cabinet, leaving her my receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a scrip under my hand will pass for 500l. I wish your grace a good journey to the establishment of your health; and am, with the greatest respect,

My lord,

Your grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, *Arlington-street, Aug.* 4, 1724.

YOUR claim to be the last writer is what I can never allow: that is the privilege of ill writers, and I am resolved to give you complete satisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I shall be that last writer or not. Methinks I see you throw this letter upon your table in the height of spleen, because it may have interrupted some of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the comfort of not answering it, and so convince my lord lieutenant, that you value him less now than you did ten years ago. I do not know but this might become a free speaker and a philosopher. Whatever you may think of it, I shall not be testy, but

* The archbishop's housekeeper. F.

endeavour to show, that I am not altogether insensible of the force of that genius, which has outshone most of this age, and, when you will display it again, can convince us that its lustre and strength are still the same.

Once more, I commit myself to your censure, and am,

Sir, with great respect,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

CARTERET.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, *July*, 1724.

ALTHOUGH I had, for two years past, inured myself to expect the death of my lord your father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health; yet the news of it struck me so sensibly, that I had not spirit enough to condole with your lordship, as I ought to have done, for so great a loss to the world and yourself. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderness, nor his example to incite you to virtue: but his friendship and conversation you will ever want, because they are qualities so rare in the world, and in which he so much excelled all others. It has pleased me, in the midst of my grief, to hear that he preserved the greatness, and calmness, and intrepidity of his mind to his last minutes: for it was fit that such a life should terminate with equal lustre to the whole progress of it.

I must now beg leave to apply to your lordship's justice. He was often pleased to promise me his picture; but his troubles and sickness, and want of opportunity, and my absence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly insist that your lordship will please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would entreat another and much greater favour of your lordship, that at your leisure hours, you would please to inspect among your father's papers, whether there be any memorials that may be of use toward writing his life; which I have sometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on, when I little thought to survive him. I have formerly gathered several hints; but want many memorials, especially of his more early times, which might be easily supplied. And such a work most properly belongs to me, who loved and respected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your lordship's pardon for so long a letter upon so mournful an occasion; and expect your justice to believe, than I am, and shall ever be, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,
most obliged, and
most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD, *Sept.* 3, 1724.

Being ten years older than when I had the honour to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse; and so it has happened. For I have been, this month past, so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears, that I had not spirit to perform the common

offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence; that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine France would be properer for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: for, since I left England, such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth eleven hundred pounds a year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will, of course, attend your excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend my Lord Burlington. And because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man, and his errand. He was a fellow of the university here; and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the *immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smallridge, and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily, with my Lord Peterborow; and upon his lordship's return, Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came

back to England, he found so many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frighted, when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen, and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in England, his conquests are greater; and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract, which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him, by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision; but nothing will do. And therefore I humbly entreat your excellency, either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home; or assist him, by your credit, to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

I must now, in all humility, entreat one favour of you, as you are lord lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest part of his for-

tune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to popery, while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court martial is transmitted to your excellency. The universal opinion here is, that the accusation is false and malicious: and the archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry, has declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any I ever knew in his station. But I entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others, who may speak in his favour, and perhaps, will tell you, "That as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland, than in inclining toward lenity to Mr. Proby and his family;" although I have reason to be confident, that they neither need nor desire more than justice. I beg your excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others; and not think me so very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore, I hope, what I have said is pardonable in every respect, but that of taking up your time.

My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session under your government; but whether you approve the manner, I can only guess. It is by universal declarations against Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of, that your excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very different, toward your person and high station, from what have appeared toward others.

I have no other excuse for the length of this letter, but a faithful promise, that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time.

I am, &c.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

September 12, 1723.

It is neither sickness, nor journies, nor ill humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor stupidity, which has hindered me from answering sooner your letter of the month of June; but a very prudent consideration, and one of the greatest strains of policy I ever exercised in my life. Should I answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six; and, scared at the sore fatigue of writing twice a year to an absent friend, you might (for aught either you or I can tell) stop short, and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects; for, to confess the truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and, by my past success, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may establish a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination; and I am ashamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it; and the company was much better than you seem to think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest, of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself by

* Endorsed, "Answered, December." N.

the conversation I find there; and still farther from caring one jot of what passes there. In short, I am no longer the bubble you knew me: and therefore, when I mingle in society, it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen) it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession you may perceive, that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thorough bass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute, something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably; gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow, whose imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad; nor him, who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and real knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion, and render the person a tolerable companion. By this sketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends with whom I pass my time you know. The living ones are of the same sort, and therefore few.

I pass over that paragraph of your letter which is a kind of an elegy on a departed minister;* and I promise you solemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more, till I come to do him justice in a history of the first twenty years of this century, which I believe I shall write if I live three or four years longer. But I must take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verses I sent you are very bad, because they are not very good: *mediocribus esse poëtis, non di, non homines, &c.* I did not send them to be admired; and

* The Earl of Oxford, who died in June 1724. N.

you would do them too much honour if you criticised them. Pope took the best party, for he said not one word to me about them. All I desire of you is to consider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been so long out of my sight; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it shall be in prose.

I must on this occasion set you right, as to an opinion which I should be very sorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *esprit fort*, in English, freethinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the pests of society; because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it; and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a score others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed Religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of Natural Religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in English) of the former, to you who built, or at least repair the house, and who show the rooms, that to strengthen some parts of your own building, you shake and even sap the foundations of the other. And between you and me, Mr. Dean, this charge may be justified in several instances. But still your intention is not to demolish. Whereas the *esprit fort*, or the freethinker, is to set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only disown, but detest this character. If indeed by *esprit fort*, or freethinker, you only mean a man who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it; you mean a wise and honest man, and such a one as

I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason, or common sense, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as absurd, as it would be, if you should put out your eyes, and borrow even the best staff, that ever was in the family of the *Staffs*,* when you set out upon one of your dirty journies. Such freethinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove: for since the truth of the divine revelation of christianity is as evident as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these freethinkers must needs be christians on the best foundation; on that which St. Paul himself established (I think it was St. Paul) *omnia probate, quod bonum est, tenete.*

But you have a farther security from these freethinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this: the persons I am describing, think for themselves, and to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you.† The

* An allusion to Bickerstaff. N.

† Notwithstanding the declarations made by Lord Bolingbroke in this letter, he left his writings against religion to Mr. Mallet, with a view to their being published, as appears by his will; and with a positive and direct injunction to publish them, as appears by a letter from Mr. Mallet to Lord Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, now in the British Museum. We have therefore his lordship's own authority to say, that he was one of the pests of society, even if the opinions, which he has advanced against religion, are true; for his endeavour is certainly directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man. Expressly to direct the publication of writings, which, he believed, would subvert the morals and the happiness of society, at a time when he could derive no private

peace and happiness of mankind is the great aim of these freethinkers; and therefore, as those among them who remain incredulous, will not oppose you, so those whom reason enlightened by grace has made believers, may be sorry, and may express their sorrow, as I have done, to see religion perverted to purposes so contrary to her true intention, and first design. Can a good christian behold the ministers of the meek and humble Jesus, exercising an insolent and cruel usurpation over their brethren? or the messengers of peace and good news setting all mankind together by the ears? or that religion, which breathes charity and universal benevolence, spilling more blood, upon reflection and by system, than the most barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action and fury of conquest? Can he behold all this without a holy indignation, and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from those tragical scenes, and considers the ordinary tenour of things, do you not think he will be shocked to observe metaphysics substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

advantage from the mischief, was perhaps an act of wickedness more purely diabolical than any hitherto upon record in the history of any age or nation. Mallet had a pecuniary temptation to assassinate the morals and happiness of his country at Bolingbroke's instigation: his crime therefore is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impossible to suppose he had less conviction of the mischief he was doing; and it is also impossible to suppose, that he could seriously think any obligation to print Bolingbroke's infidelity, in consequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to suppress it, arising from the duty which, as a man, he owed to human nature.

The paragraph in Lord Bolingbroke's will, by which his writings are bequeathed to Mallet; the letter which Lord Cornbury wrote to Mallet, upon hearing he was about to publish the letters, including those on sacred history, and Mallet's answer, are, for the reader's satisfaction, printed in the twentieth volume of this collection. Lord Cornbury's letter is a monument that will do more honour to his memory, than all that mere wit or valour has achieved since the world began. H.

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with Spinosa, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I have a right to do, because I am able to show why I despise and abhor it.

You desire me to return home, and you promise me, in that case, to come to London, loaden with your travels. I am sorry to tell you, that London is in my apprehension, as little likely as Dublin to be our place of rendezvous. The reasons for this apprehension I pass over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greatest punishment to men of virtue, because virtue consists in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it arises, how it is nourished, what the bounds and measures of it are; and after that you will discover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes simplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthusiasm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be styled unfortunate; but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reason which Brutus gave, "Because wherever he goes he carries his virtue with him." There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which must, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other see a dissertation upon this subject: and to return you threatening for threatening, you shall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

The word Ireland was struck out of the paper you mention; that is to satisfy your curiosity: and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the most considerable one of the same kind. The person

you are so inquisitive about,* returns into England the latter end of October. She has so great a mind to see you, that I am not sure she will not undertake a journey to Dublin. It is not so far from London to Dublin as from Spain to Padua; and you are as well worth seeing as Livy. But I would much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promise, that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament so much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleasure should I hear you *inter vina fugam Stellæ mærere protervæ?* Adieu.

FROM EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN, *Wimple, Nov.* 2, 1724.

THERE has nothing of late given me so much real trouble and uneasiness, as my having so long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your most kind letter, and to assure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wish me to do: I must say, that amid my grief and concern, it gave me a secret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you; and what was a greater addition, that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aside the design you once entertained, of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did delay writing some time, because I was in great hopes I should have been able

* His lordship's second wife, a French lady. H.

to have given you a much more satisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to your question, "If he had left any memoirs behind him;" I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with some other affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I assure you, if I have the satisfaction to hear from you again (as I hope I shall) I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow nobody to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers, a great deal may be supplied elsewhere; but give me leave to say, that if you do not come into England, nothing can be done; it will not be possible to do any thing to purpose. Without this view, there would be nobody more welcome to me than yourself; you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you: I have houses enough, you shall take your choice: I must with earnestness repeat it to you again, that I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father say, that he did design to sit for you, but did not: I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what size you would have it of: if you design it should fit any particular place, you must send me the exact measure of the place.

Your sister,* as you used to call her, is much your servant; she has been at the Bath for some time; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. Pope: he has taken another

* Lady Oxford. D. S.

voyage into Homer-land,* as Gay calls it; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will say, that since I was so long before I began to write, that now I have begun I do not know when to end; I will therefore tell you what I am with great truth, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

I desire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it you?

FROM A QUAKER.†

WHEN THREE HUNDRED POUNDS WERE OFFERED FOR TAKING UP THE DRAPIER, IN 1724.

"AND the people said unto Saul, shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: As the LORD liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not."‡

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Jan. 25, 1724-5.

I HAVE a packet of letters, which I intended to send by Molly, who has been stopped three days by the bad

* Translation of the Odyssey. D. S.

† Another member of this pacific tribe has testified his esteem for our author in a more substantial manner, if we may be allowed to say, "A solid gammon weighs down empty praise." See a letter dated March 29, 1724. N.

‡ 1 Sam. chap. xiv. ver. 45.

weather; but now I will send them by the post to-morrow to Kells, and, enclosed to Mr. Tickell, there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which has put us all seventy times out of patience.—I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr. Stanton and Worral to continue giving themselves some trouble with Mr. Pratt; but let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs. Johnson swears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is so pleased with her pickax, that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflown,* and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off: and Mrs. Johnson (God help her) gives you many a curse. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, John Farelly's sister, is married; but the portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on Midsummer eve.

You would wonder, what carking and caring there is among us for small beer and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies' room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards

* This should be '*overflowed*,' as overflown is the participle of the verb to overfly. S.

and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, sledges, and crows. Their maxim is,

Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a dormouse;
Be last at work,
At victuals foremost.

Which is all at present, hoping you and your good family are well, as we are all at this present writing, &c.

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast; this is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up, and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggletail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Maul, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

The Blessings of a Country Life.

Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not seen by our betters.

The Plagues of a Country Life.

A companion with news,
A great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat or choose;
A church without pews.

Our horses astray,
No straw, oats or hay;
December in May,
Our boys run away,
All servants at play.

Molly sends for the letter.

TO MRS. PRATT,

ON HER PRESENT OF A FIRE SCREEN, ADORNED WITH PAINTED MAPS.

MADAM, *March* 18, 1724-5.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice did the unkindest thing she could imagine: she sends an open note by a servant (for she was too much a prude to write me a letter,) desiring that the dean of St. Patrick's should inquire for one Howard, master of a ship, who had brought over a screen to him, the said dean, from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the customhouse, where they told me the ship was expected every day: but the god of winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitzmaurice to teaze me, kept the ship at least a month longer, and left me miserable in a state of impatience, between hope and fear, worse than a lady who is in pain that her clothes will not be ready against the birth-day. I will not move your good nature, by representing how many restless nights and days I have passed, with what dreams my sleep hath been disturbed, where I sometimes saw the ship sinking, my screen floating in the sea, and the mermaids struggling which of them should get it for her own apartment. At last Mr. Medlycott, whose heart inclines him to pity the

distressed, gave me notice of its safe arrival: he interposed his authority, and, overruling the tedious forms of the custom-house, sent my screen to the deanery, where it was immediately opened, on Tuesday, the 16th inst. three minutes seven seconds after four o'clock, in the afternoon, the day being fair, but somewhat windy, the sun in Aries, and the moon within thirty-nine hours eight seconds and a half of being full; all which I had, by consulting Ptolemy, found to be fortunate incidents, prognosticating, that, with due care, my screen will escape the mops of the housemaid, and the greasy hands of the footmen.

At the opening the screen just after dinner, some company of both sexes were present: the ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing showed a better judgment, than to know how to make a proper present, and that no present could be more judiciously chosen; for no man in this kingdom wanted a screen so much as myself, and besides, since I had left the world, it was very kind to send The World to me. However, one of the ladies affirmed, "That your gift was an open reflection upon my age; that she had made the same present some time ago to her grandfather; and that she could not imagine how any of her sex would send a screen to a gentleman, without a design to insinuate, that he was absolutely *un homme sans consequence.*" For my own part, I confess, I never expected to be sheltered by the world, when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it.

See how ill you bestow your favour, where you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches instead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midst of courts and diversions, upon an absent and insignificant man, buried in obscurity: but I know it is as hard to give thanks

as to take them; therefore I shall say no more, than that I receive your acceptable present, just as I am sure you desire I should. Though I cannot sit under my own vine, or my own fig-tree, yet I will sit under my own screen, and bless the giver; but I cannot promise it will add one jot to the love and esteem I have for you, because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been, and shall ever continue,

Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I just observe, that the two celestial maps are placed at the bottom, within two inches of the ground; which is the most fashionable circumstance in the whole work.

I sometimes dine in a third place with your stoic Mr. Pratt; and find he continues in health, but of late very busy, and a courtier.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady Savile.

Mr. Fitzmaurice dines temperately at a tavern; and sometimes with clergymen, for want of better company.

Mr. Medlycott dines with me every Sunday, and goes to church like any thing.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice is left desolate; I reckoned but fifteen ladies and five gentlemen the other night in her play room, and I condoled with her upon it. It is thought she will fall out with my Lady Carteret, for drawing away her company; but at present they are very great, as I find by consulting them both.

I think you are acquainted with Lady Worseley; if so, tell her how angry I am, at her not coming to Ireland as I expected, and was told she was actually landed; whereupon, being at that time confined by a deafness, I

writ her a most cavalier letter, which, being brought back, I tore in a rage.

Miss Carteret is every day getting new magazines of arms, to destroy all England upon her return.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD, *Deanery-House, April* 17, 1725.

I HAVE been so long afflicted with a deafness, and at present with a giddiness in my head (both old distempers) that I have not been able to attend your excellency and my Lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now hasting into the country, to try what exercise and better air will do toward my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be absent, or how soon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occasion of returning your excellency, and my Lady Carteret, my most humble acknowledgments for your great civilities toward me, which I wish it were in my power to deserve.

I have only one humble request to make to your excellency, which I had in my heart ever since you were nominated lord lieutenant; and it is in favour of Mr. Sheridan. I beg you will take your time for bestowing on him some church living, to the value of a hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public service, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation; and has much more learning than usually falls to the share of those who profess teaching, being perfectly skilled in the Greek as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with

all the ancient writers, in poetry, philosophy, and history. He is a man of good sense, modesty, and virtue. His greatest fault is a wife and four children; for which there is no excuse, but that a wife is thought necessary to a schoolmaster. His constitution is so weak, that, in a few years, he must give up his business; and probably must starve, without some preferment, for which he is an ill solicitor. My lord bishop of Elphin has promised to recommend this request to your excellency. And I hope you will please to believe that it proceeds wholly from justice and humanity, for he is neither a dependant nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave; and remain, with the utmost respect,

My lord, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28, 1725.

You run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir, that spends his fortune faster than it comes in; for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29, and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean; but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own mare, and Dr. Swift's horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on Wednesday next, which will be June 30, and so they will have two nights rest, if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil, to get a living* the farthest in the kingdom from Quilca. If it be worth two hundred pound a

* In the county of Cork. H.

year, my lord lieutenant has but barely kept his word, for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the bishop of Cork*, he is a capricious gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against Toland a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, &c. Be not disappointed, if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommendation to the bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some knowledge of tithes and church livings. You must learn the extent of your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tithes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe; pray act like a man of this world. I doubt being so far off, you must not let your living as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man: but by all means do not let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprised of the real worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy while you are there. It is one good circumstance, that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tithes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighbouring parsons may be very useful, if they please, but do not let them be your tenants: advise with archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal squire or squires, they will all tell you the worst of your living; so will the proctors and tithe

* Dr. Peter Brown. H.

jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray show yourself a man of abilities. After all I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will farther inform you. Mr. Townsend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter. Take the oaths heartily, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the least wrong step will put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29, 1725.

I WROTE to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it a boy of Kells who brought me yours. It is strange, that I, and Stella, and Mrs. Mackfadin,* should light on the same thought, to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. Johnson and I go farther, and say, you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the bishop of Cork, I send you a letter enclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. Johnson put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak side in that matter.† I hope Mr. Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wish you would say to him (if he

* Mrs. Mackfadin was mother to Dr. Sheridan's wife. H.

† He wrote a pamphlet against drinking to the memory of the dead. H.

refuses them) that I told you it was Mr. Addison's maxim to excuse nobody; for here, says he, I may have forty friends, whose fees may be two guineas apiece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two apiece.

I must tell you, Dan Jackson ruined his living by huddling over the first year, and then hoping to mend it the next; therefore pray take all the care you can to inquire into the value, and set it at the best rate to substantial people.

I know not whether you are under the bishop of Cork, or not; if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your expenses; no, not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for any thing you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better clothes for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says, now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute, you cannot be less than thirty days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually: and we think you ought to have no breaking up this August; but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever; because you will find that your illwishers will give out you are now going to quit your school, since you have got preferment, &c.

Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pounds on Mr. Worral; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know, it must come out just when the parliament meets.

Keep these letters where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your living, be sure call the family that evening to prayers.

I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, &c.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD, *July* 3, 1725.

I AM obliged to return your excellency my most humble thanks for your favour to Mr. Sheridan, because when I recommended him to you, I received a very gracious answer; and yet I am sensible, that your chief motive to make some provision for him was, what became a great and good person, your distinguishing him as a man of learning, and one who deserved encouragement on account of his great diligence and success in a most laborious and difficult employment.*

Since your excellency has had an opportunity so early in your government of gratifying your English dependants by a bishopric, and the best deanery in the

* A schoolmaster. N.

kingdom,† I cannot but hope that the clergy of Ireland will have their share in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation, who has not a near alliance with some of that body; and most of them who have sons, usually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much discouraged, and discontented, by seeing strangers to the country almost perpetually taken into the greatest ecclesiastical preferments, and too often under governors very different from your excellency, the choice of persons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or justice.

The misfortune of having bishops perpetually from England, as it must needs quench the spirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the study of divinity, so it produces another great discouragement, that those prelates usually draw after them colonies of sons, nephews, cousins, or old college companions, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift; and thus the young men sent into the church from the university here, have no better prospect than to be curates, or small country vicars, for life.

It will become so excellent a governor as you, a little to moderate this great partiality; wherein, as you will act with justice and reason, so you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away great cause of universal discontent. For, I believe your excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in Europe, where the natives (even those descended from the conquerors) have been treated, as if they were almost unqualified for any employment either in church or state.

Your excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleased to let me name some clergymen, who

† Downe. N.

are generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety. I remember the persons were Dr. Delany, Dr. Ward of the north, Mr. Ecklin, Mr. Synge of Dublin, and Mr. Corbet;* they were named by me without any regard to friendship, having little commerce with most of them, but only the universal character they bear: this was the method I always took with my Lord Oxford at his own command, who was pleased to believe that I would not be swayed by any private affections, and confessed I never deceived him; for I always dealt openly when I offered any thing in behalf of a friend, which was but seldom: because, in that case, I generally made use of the common method at court, to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young men among the clergy, of whom the three hopefullest are said to be Mr. Stopford, Mr. King, and Mr. Dobbs, all fellows of the college, of whom I am only acquainted with the first. But these are not likely to be great expecters under your excellency's administration, according to the usual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such persons among the clergy, as are generally allowed to have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and am sure I have made you a great compliment, by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past; whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the best; and consequently dispensed their favours without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those, from whom I least expected it.

* Dr. Francis Corbet succeeded Dr. Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's; and died in August 1775, at the age of 92. N.

That your excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country, by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the steps of honour and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of,

My lord,

Your excellency's most obedient

and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. WORRAL.

Quilca, July 12, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin. Although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, beside my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account (except this last quarter) and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt* has acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may inquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds *per cent.* I beg pardon that I did not compute the inte-

* Deputy vice-treasurer of Ireland. N.

rest of Sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds. All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan* the critic, says, the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

Mrs. Johnson says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the—— from the wall-fruit.* You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged, as good husbandry requires; friend Ellis will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sheriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr. Pratt signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs. Johnson's money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks.

* Master of the freeschool at Enniskillen. F.

‡ In Naboth's vineyard. D. S.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. Johnson, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. Worral, and so do I, and am ever yours, &c.

Jo.* who brings you this, desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the deanery house, Mrs. Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray desire Mrs. Brent to have ready a hogshead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. Brent take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Jo. may have them; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanery for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

London, July 24, 1725.

Mr. Ford will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune

* Mr. Beaumont, an eminent tallowchandler at Trim, in the county of Meath. D. S.

of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises, and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left me at liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable a request, to pass an act, which, fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also: and those who had the least mind to see me in England, have made it impossible for me to live any where else. Here I am then, two thirds restored, my person safe (unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of Sir Walter Raleigh;) and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the house of lords, and his bad leven should sour that sweet, untainted mass. Thus much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of Ireland; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo I value at a higher rate than that of the richest galleon. Ford brought the dean of Derry* to see me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into Ireland will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of father Malebranche,† and

* Dr. Berkeley, of whom see a farther account in a letter to Lord Carteret, Sept. 3, 1724. H.

† The system of Malebranche, here referred to was, "that our ideas are distinct from our understanding, and that we see all things

who is fond of going a missionary into the West Indies. My zeal for the propagation of the gospel will hardly carry me so far; but my spleen against Europe has more than once made me think of buying the dominion of Bermudas, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people with whom I have past the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there, better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you? Will you leave your Hibernian flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean? We will form a society more reasonable, and more useful, than that of Dr. Berkeley's college: and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate, not to suffer the currency of Wood's halfpence: nay, the coiner of them shall be hanged, if he presumes to set his foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do, and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I do not dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or not, God knows: but surely this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. Ford says, he will be with

in God." In other words, material objects are but the causes of our ideas. Berkeley, in the early part of his life, wrote a dissertation against the existence of material beings and external objects with such subtility, that Whiston acknowledged himself unable to confute it, and recommended the task to Dr. Clarke. The doctor, however, did not pursue it, and the dissertation remains unanswered to this time, except what has been attempted by Baxter in his Treatise on the Soul. Bayle says, that Malebranche's system was only that of Democritus, amended and refined. H.

us again by the beginning of the winter. Your star* will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear Dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, *Dover-street, July* 26, 1725.

MR. CLAYTON going to Ireland, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promise which I made of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to send it to you safe: you did tell me a gentleman should call, but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very desirous you should have it, because it has been so long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing any thing that may in the least be agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond Edinburgh fifty miles.

I inquire of you sometimes of Dean Berkeley :† I was sorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper, the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good; but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suited best with one's inclinations.

I am also sorry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into England. I long much for it,

* Mrs. Johnson, the lady whom he celebrated by the name of Stella. H.

† Dr. Berkeley was then dean of Derry. D. S.

and do flatter myself with the thoughts of seeing you under my roof, where you shall exert more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since ———. Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better: she presents her humble service to you. Peggy is very well.

Pope is well I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever Jarvis painted.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant and brother,

OXFORD.

TO MR. WORRAL.

Quilca, Aug. 27, 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to show your activity in leaping down a ditch, hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

I have not yet heard of Mr. Webb, and if he should come here, I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer

to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of Bristol beer; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. Worral's observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniencies. But Mrs. Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar, than a country palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the farthest corner of Naboth's vineyard, toward the lower end of Shebb's garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan* the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you, that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

* A very worthy clergyman. F.

My intention is to return about the beginning of October, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. They who talk with me, think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. Worrall. The ladies present theirs to you both.

J. SWIFT.

FROM EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, *Dover-street, Aug.* 30, 1725.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe: I have ordered them to the care of Erasmus Lewis, Esq. our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mrs. Ford, and my Lord Arran's chaplain, Mr. Charleton; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the least trifle, by which I might show the value and esteem I have, and always must and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. Jarvis drew of you in Ireland, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. Jarvis is honoured with the place of his majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

My old fellow collegiate has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

My wife sends her compliments to you; she is as well as can be expected.

TO THE REV. MR. WORRAL.

Quilca, Aug. 31, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of October, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since Wood's patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you, and Jack Grattan, and Sheridan will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer,* I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. Johnson does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it, but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. Worral. Mrs. Dingley at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

* Mrs. Harding. F.

Pray pay Jo. Beamount four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When Jo. brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds eight shillings.

FROM GEORGE ROCHFORT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *Wednesday morning, Sept.* 9, 1725.

I FIND myself stand in need of the advice I bestowed on you the other night, and therefore if you have not got rid of your cold, I would prescribe a small jaunt to Belcamp* this morning. If you find yourself thus disposed, I will wait for you here in my boots: the weather may perhaps look gloomy at the deanery; but I can assure you it is a fine day in the parish,† where we set up for as good tastes as our neighbours: to convince you of mine, I send you this invitation.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

GEORGE ROCHFORT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are

* Dr. Grattan's, about five miles from Dublin. F.

† St. Mary's parish, about a mile from the deanery. F.

too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you there is hardly a whig in Ireland, who would allow a potatoe and butter milk to a reputed tory. Neither is there any thing in your countrymen upon this article, more than what is common in all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus.* Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text, as from a rock.* For as Don Quixote said to Sancho, what business had you to speak of a halter in a family, where one of it was hanged? And your innocence is a protection, that wise men are ashamed to rely on, farther than with God. It is indeed against common sense to think, that you should choose such a time when you had received a favour from the lord lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson. You believe, every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you

* "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof;" on which Dr. Sheridan preached on the first of August. H.

value your temporal interest as much as any body, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestic evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first, will sink under the second, and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematics, and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice hath struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostle's expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, &c.

I will hear none of your visions; you shall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter; you shall be merry at the expense of others; you shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without trusting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no farther thoughts than to stop your progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the lord lieutenant, nor whether he is altered toward you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down, whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford said once to me

on an occasion, these fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it. When I come to town, we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich, and you will have no enemies; go sometimes to the castle, keep fast Mr. Tickell and Balaguer,* frequent those on the right side, friends to the present powers; drop those who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 19, 1725.

We have prevailed with Neal, in spite of his harvest, to carry up miss, with your directions; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilized her since she came among us. You are too short in circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my lord? Who forbad you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the castle? Are you certain of the accuser, that it is Tighe?† Do you think my lord acts thus, because he fears it would breed ill humour, if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think, that is too mean for him. I do not much disapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method; pray read over the inclosed twice, and if you do not dislike it, let it be sent (not by a servant of yours, nor from

* He was private secretary to Lord Carteret. H.

† Richard Tighe, Esq. privy counsellor, and a member of the Irish parliament. This gentleman, of whom the Dean seems to have had an unfavourable opinion, "hitches in a rhyme," in a poem addressed to Mr. Lindsay in 1728. N.

you) to Mr. Tickell. There the case is stated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town, I shall see the lord lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time I believe it may keep cold; however, advise with Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Balaguer. I should fancy that the bishop of Limerick* could easily satisfy his excellency, and that my lord lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture, that he acts as he does; and if so (as I am confident it is) the effect will cease without the cause. But without doubt, Tighe and others have dinned the words tory and jacobite into his excellency's ears, and therefore your text, &c. was only made use of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter you are no loser, but at least have got something. Therefore, be not like him who hanged himself, because going into a gaming-house and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my lord is in London we may clear away to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to sup at the deanery the next night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff toward the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the inclosed before you send it.

I send you back your letter to the lord lieutenant.

* Dr. William Burscow. N.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 25, 1725.

Your confusion hindered you from giving any rational account of your distress, till this last letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado, we have now a tolerable understanding how things stand. We had a paper sent inclosed, subscribed by Mr. Ford, as we suppose; it is in print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the sport I was to expect. I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them (which is a new and wise remark out of my own head) and the devil take that animal, who will not offend his enemy, when he is provoked, with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horse little values the blows I give him with the but end of my stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spite of his dullness; and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the beast who has kicked against you, and try how far his insensibility will protect him, and you shall have help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your horse this day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that flea or louse which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iss, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come without her? They pulled off her and your horses' shoes for fear of being rid, and then they rode them without shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighes, if they were but privy counsellors. You will never be at ease for your friend's horses or your own, till you have walled in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next spring.

You say not a word of the letter I sent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you sent it him or not; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's company for the reason I mentioned in that letter, because they are above suspicions, as *whiggissimi* and *unsuspectissimi*. When the lord lieutenant goes for England, I have a method to set you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridanism; I told you I had lost your letter inclosed, which you intended to Lord Carteret, and yet I have it safe here.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Oct.* 17, 1725.

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress; in consequence of which I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. Pope, to convince me, that you are of the number; and I know that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you, that I think myself at this time almost perfectly recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; such a one, that had it been in the hands of a chirurgeon, in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke Disney, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them, occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me

of new impostures (as they called them) every day. Poor Sir William Wyndham has an imposthume: I hope the Bath, where he is going, will do him good. The hopes of seeing once more the Dean of St. Patrick's, revives my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of our old club met together like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary that you should come over to England; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was, not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is all. As for your book* (of which I have framed to myself such an idea, that I am persuaded there is no doing any good upon mankind without it) I will set the letters myself, rather than that it should not be published. But before you put the finishing hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some new improvements of mankind, that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be so much coveted and taken up by the ministry, that unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing, that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see your old friend Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of husbands. I am sure I can say from my own experience, that he is the

* Gulliver's Travels. N.

best of friends. He was so to me, when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take your journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you among your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I long to see you, and am most sincerely,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, *Dover-street, Oct.* 19, 1725.

I HOPE you will excuse these few lines for once, when I tell you, that yesterday morning, I thank God, my wife was safely delivered of a son, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be disagreeable news to the Dean of St. Patrick's, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

OXFORD.

TO THE REV. DR. STOPFORD.

Wretched Dublin, in miserable Ireland,

DEAR JIM, *Nov.* 26, 1725.

I HAD your kind letter from Paris, dated November 14, N. S. I am angry with you for being so short, un-

less you are resolved not to rob your journal book. What have *vous autres voyageurs* to do but write and ramble? Your picture of K. C. I. will be a great present whenever I shall receive it, which I reckon will be about the time of your return from Italy; for my Lord Oxford's picture was two months coming from London.

Mr. Pope is very angry with you, and says you look on him as a prophet, who is never esteemed in his own country, and he lays all the blame upon you, but will be pacified if you see him when you come back. Your other correspondents tell me, that Mr. G. beside his clothes, lost 200*l.* in money, which to me you slur over. I like your Indian's answers well; but I suppose the queen was astonished if she was told, contrary to her notions, that the great people were treated and maintained by the poor. Mrs. Johnson denies you to be a slave, and says you are much more so in quality of a governor; as all good princes are slaves to their subjects. I think you are justly dealt with: You travelled with liberty to work your slavery; and now you travel with slavery to work your liberty. The point of honour will not be so great, but you have equal opportunities to inform yourself and satisfy your curiosity. The happier you were abroad in your first travels, the more miserable you were at your return; and now the case will be directly contrary. I have been confined a fortnight with a little feverish disorder, and the consequences of it, but now am as usual with tolerable health.

As to intelligence, here is the house of commons, with a little remains of the nation's spirit against Wood's coin, are opposing the court in unreasonable demands of money to satisfy the wanton and pretended debts of the crown, and all party but that of court and country seem to be laid asleep. I have said and writ to the lieu-

tenant what I thought was right, and so have my betters; but all *surdis auribus:* This is enough for such a hermit as I to tell you of public matters. Your friends are all well, and you have not been long enough absent for any material accident to fall out. Here is a great rumour of the king's being dead, or dying at Hanover, which has not the least effect on any passion in me. Dr. Delany is a most perfect courtier; Sheridan full of his own affairs and the baseness of the world! Dr. Helsham *à son aise* at home or abroad; the dean of St. Patrick's sitting like a toad in a corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons. You are desired to bring over a few of the testons, and what d'ye call (Julio's, I think) of Parma, Florence, and Rome, which some people would be glad of for curiosities, and will give you other money for them. If you are rich enough to buy any good copies of pictures by great hands, I desire when you would buy two to buy three, and the third shall be taken off your hands, with thanks, and all accidents be answered by the buyer. The people of Ireland have just found out that their fathers, sons, and brothers are not made bishops, judges, or officers civil or military, and begin to think it should be otherwise; but the government go on as if there were not a human creature in the kingdom fit for any thing but giving money. Your brother paid the money to the lady—what would you have more? This is a time of no events. Not a robbery or murder to be had, for want of which and poetry the hawkers are starving. Take care of your health, and come home by Switzerland; from whence travel blindfold till you get here, which is the only way to make Ireland tolerable. I am told the provost has absolutely given away all your pupils. Pray God give you grace to be hated by him and all such beasts while you live. I excused your

bashfulness to the lieutenant, who said he observed and understood it, and liked you the better. He could govern a wiser nation better, but fools are fit to deal with fools; and he seems to mistake our calibre, and treats *de haut en bas*, and gives no sugar plums. Our Dean Maul and Dr. Tisdall have taken upon them the care of the church, and make wise speeches of what they will amend in St. Andrew's vestry every week to a crew of parsons of their own kind and importance. The primate and the Earl of Cavan govern the house of lords. The A. B. D. attacked the same in the castle for giving a good living to a certain animal called a Walsh black, which the other excused, alleging, he was preferred to it by Lord Townshend. It is a cant word for a deer stealer. This fellow was leader of a gang, and had the honour of hanging half a dozen of his fellows in quality of informer, which was his merit. If you cannot match me that in Italy, step to Muscovy, and from thence to the Hottentots. I am just going out of town for two days, else I would have filled my paper with more nothings. Pray God bless you, and send you safe back to this place, which it is a shame for any man of worth to call his home.

TO LORD PALMERSTON,

AT HIS HOUSE IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON.

MY LORD *Dublin, Jan.* 1, 1725-6.

I AM desired by one Mr. Curtis, a clergyman of this town, to write to your lordship upon an affair he has much at heart, and wherein he has been very unjustly and injuriously treated. I do now call to mind what

I hear your lordship has written hither, that you were pleased many years ago, at my recommendation, to give Dr. Ellwood a grant of a chamber in the college, which is at your disposal. For I had then some credit with your lordship, which I am told I have now lost, although I am ignorant of the reason. I shall therefore only inform your lordship in one point: When you gave that grant, it was understood to continue during Dr. Ellwood's continuance in the college; but he growing to be a senior fellow, and requiring more conveniences, by changing one room, and purchasing another, got into a more convenient apartment, and therefore those who now derive under the doctor, have, during the doctor's life, the same property as if they derived under your lordship; just as if one of your tenants should let his holding to another, during the term of his lease, and take a more covenient farm. This is directly the case, and must convince your lordship immediately: for, Mr. Curtis paid for the chamber, either to the doctor, or to those who derived under him, and till the doctor dies, or leaves the college, the grant is good.

I will say nothing of Mr. Curtis's character, because the affair is a matter of short plain justice; and, besides, because I would not willingly do the young man an injury, as I happened to do to another whom I recommended to your lordship merely for your own service, and whom you afterward rejected, expressing your reason for doing so, that I had recommended him, by which you lost the very person of the whole kingdom who by his honesty and abilities could have been most useful to you in your offices here. But these are some of the refinements among you great men, which are above my low understanding. And, whatever your lordship thinks of me, I shall still remain

Your lordship's most obedient
and most humble servant.
JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM LORD PALMERSTON.

MR. DEAN, *Jan.* 15, 1725-6.

I SHOULD not give myself the trouble to answer your polite letter, were I as unconcerned about character and reputation as some are. The principles of justice I hope I have learned from those who always treated you in another manner than you do me, even without reason.

You charge me with injury and injustice done Mr. Curtis: he is still in his chamber; till he is turned out, none is done him, and he is satisfied with my proceedings, and the issue I have put it on. Your interest with me (which if ever lost, such letters will not regain) procured Dr. Ellwood the use of that chamber, not the power to job it. Your parallel case of landlord and tenant will not hold, without Dr. Ellwood has a writing under my hand; if he has, I will fulfil it to a tittle; if not, he is as a tenant at will, and when he quits, I am at liberty to dispose of the premises again.

Whoever told you Mr. Stanton was dismissed, because you recommended him, told you a most notorious falsehood; he is the young man I suppose you mean. The true reason was, his demand of a large additional salary, more than he had before my time; so he left the office, and was not turned out.

My desire is to be in charity with all men; could I say as much of you, you had sooner inquired into this matter, or if you had any regard to a family you owe so much to; but I fear you hugged the false report to cancel all feelings of gratitude that must ever glow in a generous breast, and to justify what you had declared, that no regard to the family was any restraint to you. These refinements are past my low understanding, and can only be comprehended by you great wits.

I always thought in you I had a friend in Ireland; but find myself mistaken. I am sorry for it: my comfort is, it is none of my fault. If you had taken any thing amiss, you might have known the truth from me. I shall always be as ready to ask pardon when I have offended, as to justify myself when I have not.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant.

TO LORD PALMERSTON,

AT HIS HOUSE IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON.*

MY LORD, *Jan.* 29, 1725-6.

I DESIRE you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to; I mean of reading this letter. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injustice done to Mr. Curtis, and if you had read that passage relating to his bad usage a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice he received were from those who claimed a title to his chambers, took away his key, reviled and threatened to beat him, with a great deal more of the like brutal conduct. Whereupon, at his request, I laid the case before you, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange, if on account of a trifle, and of a person for whom I have no concern, farther than as he was employed by me on the character he bears of piety and

* This letter was formerly printed from Swift's rough draft, which he has dated Jan. 31, and endorsed, "An answer to Lord Palmerston's civil polite letter." But the present editor has been favoured with the loan of the original, in which are several material alterations. The noble lord, to whom it was addressed, has written on the back of it, "Not answered." N.

learning, I should charge you with injury and injustice to him, when I knew from himself, and Mr. Reading, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will, it is certain no law can compel you; but to say the truth, I then had not law in my thoughts.

Now, if what I writ of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whose names were below my remembrance, you will consider how I could deserve an answer, in every line full of foul invectives, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms, and what title you have to give me such contumelious treatment who never did the you least injury, or received the least obligation from you. I own myself indebted to Sir William Temple, for recommending me to the late king, although without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation, for I was educated to little purpose, if I retired to his house on any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever, and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance. Yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them for ingratitude, although many of them well deserve it; for, thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed in what you mention of Mr. Stanton, you have not been much better, that I declared no regard to the family (as you express it) was a re-

straint to me. I never had the least occasion to use any such words. The last time I saw you in London was the last intercourse I ever had with the family. But having always trusted to my own innocence, I shall not be inquisitive to know my accusers.

When I mentioned my loss of interest with you, I did it with concern, but I had no resentment, because I supposed it only to arise from different sentiments in public matters.

My lord, if my letter were polite, it was against my intentions, and I desire your pardon for it; if I have wit, I will keep it to show when I am angry, which at present I am not; because, though nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen has let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person, hurried on by a mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first minister of state had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style, because in that case retaliating would be thought a mark of courage: But as your lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor I am sure of a disposition to do me mischief, so I should lose the merit of being bold, because I could incur no danger, if I gave myself a liberty which your ill usage seemed to demand. In this point alone we are exactly equal, but in wit and politeness I am ready to yield to you, as much as I do in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret, that although you call me a great wit, you do not think me so, otherwise you would have been too cautious to have writ me such a letter.

You conclude with saying you are ready to ask pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence, but whether you will acquit yourself must be left to your conscience and honour.

I have formerly upon occasion been your humble servant in Ireland, and should not refuse to be so still; but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other, and I hope my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am,

My lord, your most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Tuesday, three o'clock,
April 5, 1726.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been at your lodgings* this morning, but you was out early. Her royal highness begs the honour of a visit from you on Thursday night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour; but I shall see you before that time.

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, April 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ seve-

* Then in London. The Dean came hither in the beginning of April, 1726; and this invitation was made by her royal highness, afterward Queen Caroline, soon after; but it is uncertain on what day. N.

ral times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you enclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom house. Mr. Medlicot* will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more.

I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at Oxford; but am endeavouring for one here.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD, *April* 28, 1726.

YOUR lordship, having, at my request, obtained for me an hour from Sir Robert Walpole,† I accordingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock in the morning,

* Representative in parliament for Westminster, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland. N.

† When Dr. Swift was in England in 1726, he went to see Sir Robert Walpole at Chelsea; which drew the notice of all the company: but no one knew him till Sir Robert entered, who went up to him very obligingly. Swift, without rising up, or any other address, said, "For God's sake, Sir Robert, take me out of that Ireland, and place me somewhere in England."—"Mr. Dean," said Sir Robert, "I should be glad to oblige you; but I fear removing you will spoil your wit. Look on that tree (pointing to one under the window) I transplanted it from the hungry soil of Houghton to the Thames side; but it is good for nothing here." This happened some years before the Dean's Rhapsody appeared, where Sir Robert has an ample share of pointed ridicule. In a letter to Mr. Pope, Oct. 30, 1727, the Dean says, "I forgave Sir Robert Walpole a thousand pounds, *multa gemens*," alluding to an order which he had, upon the exchequer, for that sum, a short time before the death of Queen Anne, which was never paid. N.

and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me, to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

I had no other design in desiring to see Sir Robert Walpole, than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever: and, because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, and of his own administration.

I failed very much in my design: for I saw he had conceived opinions from the examples and practices of the present, and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty, a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be the rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain. I shall, therefore, without entering into dispute, make bold to mention to your lordship some few grievances of that kingdom, as it consists of a people, who, beside a natural right of enjoying the privileges of subjects, have also a claim of merit from their extraordinary loyalty to the present king* and his family.

First. That all persons born in Ireland, are called and

* King George I. N.

treated as Irishmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England; and their predecessors having been conquerors of Ireland, it is humbly conceived they ought to be on as good a foot as any subjects of Britain, according to the practice of all other nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans.

Secondly. That they are denied the natural liberty of exporting their manufactures to any country which is not engaged in a war with England.

Thirdly. That whereas there is a university in Ireland, founded by Queen Elizabeth, where youth are instructed with a much stricter discipline than either in Oxford or Cambridge; it lies under the greatest discouragements, by filling all the principal employments, civil and ecclesiastical, with persons from England, who have neither interest, property, acquaintance, nor alliance, in that kingdom; contrary to the practice of all other states in Europe, which are governed by viceroys, at least what hath never been used without the utmost discontents of the people.

Fourthly. That several of the bishops sent over to Ireland, having been clergymen of obscure condition, and without other distinction than that of chaplains to the governors, do frequently invite over their old acquaintance or kindred, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift. The like may be said of the judges, who take with them one or two dependents, to whom they give their countenance, and who consequently, without other merit, grow immediately into the chief business of their courts. The same practice is followed by all others in civil employments, if they have a cousin, a valet, or footman, in their family, born in England.

Fifthly. That all civil employments, grantable in reversion, are given to persons who reside in England.

The people of Ireland, who are certainly the most loyal subjects in the world, cannot but conceive that most of these hardships have been the consequence of some unfortunate representations (at least) in former times; and the whole body of the gentry feel the effects in a very sensible part, being utterly destitute of all means to make provision for their younger sons, either in the church, the law, the revenue, or (of late) in the army: and, in the desperate condition of trade, it is equally vain to think of making them merchants. All they have left is, at the expiration of leases, to rack their tenants, which they have done to such a degree, that there is not one farmer in a hundred through the kingdom who can afford shoes or stockings to his children, or to eat flesh, or drink any thing better than sour milk or water, twice in a year; so that the whole country, except the Scotch plantation in the north, is a scene of misery and desolation, hardly to be matched on this side Lapland.

The rents of Ireland are computed to about a million and a half, whereof one half million at least is spent by lords and gentlemen residing in England, and by some other articles too long to mention.

About three hundred thousand pounds more are returned thither on their accounts: and, upon the whole, those who are the best versed in that kind of knowledge, agree, that England gains annually by Ireland a million at least, which even I could make appear beyond all doubt.

But, as this mighty profit would probably increase, with tolerable treatment, to half a million more: so it must of necessity sink, under the hardships that kingdom lies at present.

And whereas Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to take notice, how little the king gets by Ireland; it ought,

perhaps, to be considered, that the revenues and taxes, I think, amount to above four hundred thousand pounds a year; and reckoning the riches of Ireland, compared with England, to be as one to twelve, the king's revenues there would be equal to more than five millions here; which considering the bad payment of rents, from such miserable creatures as most of the tenants in Ireland are, will be allowed to be as much as such a kingdom can bear.

The current coin of Ireland is reckoned, at most, but five hundred thousand pounds; so that above four fifths are paid every year into the exchequer.

I think it manifest, that whatever circumstances can possibly contribute to make a country poor and despicable, are all united with respect to Ireland. The nation controlled by laws to which they do not consent, disowned by their brethren and countrymen, refused the liberty not only of trading with their own manufactures, but even their native commodities, forced to seek for justice many hundred miles by sea and land, rendered in a manner incapable of serving their king and country in any employment of honour, trust, or profit; and all this without the least demerit: while the governors sent over thither can possibly have no affection to the people, farther than what is instilled into them by their own justice and love of mankind, which do not always operate; and whatever they please to represent hither is never called in question.

Whether the representatives of such a people, thus distressed and laid in the dust, when they meet in a parliament, can do the public business with that cheerfulness which might be expected from freeborn subjects, would be a question in any other country, except that unfortunate island; the English inhabitants whereof have given more and greater examples of their loyalty and duti-

fulness than can be shown in any other part of the world.

What part of these grievances may be thought proper to be redressed by so wise and great a minister as Sir Robert Walpole, he perhaps will please to consider; especially because they have been all brought upon that kingdom since the revolution; which, however, is a blessing annually celebrated there with the greatest zeal and sincerity.

I most humbly intreat your lordship to give this paper to Sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's
most obedient humble servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

GOOD DOCTOR, *London, July* 8, 1726.

I HAVE had two months of great uneasiness at the ill account of Mrs. Johnson's health, and as it is usual, feared the worst that was possible, and doubted all the good accounts that were sent me. I pray God her danger may warn her to be less wilful, and more ready to fall into those measures that her friends and physician advise her to. I had a letter two days ago from Archdeacon Wall, dated six days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he can honestly tell me she is now much better. Pray thank the archdeacon, and tell him he is to have a share in this letter; and therefore I will save him the trouble

of another. Tell him also, that I never asked for my 1000*l.* which he hears I have got, though I mentioned it to the princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell Walpole,* I scorned to ask him for it, but blot out this passage, and mention it to no one except the ladies; because I know Mrs. Johnson would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The archdeacon farther says, that Mrs. Johnson has not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself: I am sorry for your new laborious studies, but the best of it is, they will not be your own another day. I thank you for your new style, and most useful quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the grace of the house, you will never get the grace of the town, but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at most, because it is a syllable shorter than doctor. However, I will give it you at length in the superscription, and people will so wonder how the news could come and return so quick to and from England, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some business, and then go back to Mr. Pope's, and there continue till August, and then come to town till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propose the middle of August. My old servant Archy is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me and wrote me a letter, but I have refused to see him. Our friend at the castle writ to me two months ago to have a sight of those pa-

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterward Earl of Orford. H.

pers, &c. of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention any thing of papers in general either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, &c. My service to Dr. Delany, Dr. Helsham, the Grattans and Jacksons. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend* with the soft verses on children. I heartily pity him. This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because go I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse; in short, you all live in a wretched, dirty doghole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, which, if I were ten years younger, I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midst of my friends. But I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But so it is, that I must be forced to get home, partly by stealth, and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much stronger, which is of a fine house and garden, and park, and wine cellar in France, to pass away winter in,† and if Mrs. Johnson were not so out of order I would certainly accept of it; and I wish she could go to Montpellier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

* Ambrose Philips. H.

† Lord Bolingbroke invited the dean to spend a winter with him at his house in France, on the banks of the Loire. H.

FROM LORD PETERBOROW.

*Saturday evening.**

One of your Irish heroes, that from the extremity of our English land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project, desires to meet you on Monday next at Parson's green. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tuesday and Thursday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning, will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a farther account.

Your affectionate servant,
PETERBOROW.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Twickenham, July 15, 1728.

I wish you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever since my constant companions: and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature.

* Endorsed '1728, in summer.' N.

I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises.* And, indeed, ever since I left you, my heart has been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you, as a friend, that if you have reason to believe Mrs. Johnson cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to Ireland; and in that case, I would expect of you, in the beginning of September, to renew my licence for another half year; which time I will spend in some retirement far from London, till I can be in a disposition of appearing after an accident that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterward to Dr. Stephens's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanery: which, besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined

* Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. Johnson's danger, in tenderness to the Dean. H.

not to go to Ireland, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words, applied to such a dear friend. Let her know I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy.

I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable.

On the back of Burton's note there was written the account of Mrs. Johnson's sickness. Pray, in your next avoid that mistake, and leave the backside blank.

When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your breast.

Pray write every week. I have (till I know farther) fixed on August the fifteenth to set out for Ireland. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Direct your letter still to Mrs. Rice, &c.

Pray tell Mr. Dobbs of the college, that I received his letter, but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials.

As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to Maule,* as I am told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power has been directly contrary, since I came here. I would rather have good news from

* Dr. Henry Maule, promoted to the bishopric of Cloyne, Sept. 6, 1726; translated to Dromore, March 20, 1731; and to Meath, May 24, 1744. This most worthy man was one of the first promoters of the protestant charter schools in Ireland, for the reception and education of children of papists, which have met with great success. F.

you than Canterbury, though it were given me upon my own terms.

TO THE REV. DR. STOPFORD.

Twickenham, near London,
July 20, 1726.

DEAR JIM,

I HAD a letter from you three months ago, with an account of a fine picture you had sent me, which is now safe in Ireland, for which I heartily thank you, and Robert Arbuthnot swears it is an original. I did not answer you, because I was told you were in motion. I had yours of July 12, N. S. yesterday; and since you are fixed at Paris, I venture to send you this, though Robert Arbuthnot be here. He has lately married a lady among us of 900*l.* a year, and I think will soon go to France; but I have chiefly lived above two months with Mr. Pope, since the town grew empty. I shall leave him the beginning of August, and so settle my affairs to be in Ireland by the end of that month, for my license of half a year will be then out. I came here to see my old friends, and upon some business I had with two of them, which, however, proves to be of little consequence. The people in power have been civil enough to me; many of them have visited me. I was not able to withstand seeing the princess, because she had commanded, that whenever I came hither, as the news said I intended, that I should wait on her. I was latterly twice with the chief minister; the first time by invitation, and the second at my desire for an hour, wherein we differed in every point: But all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland, from whence, upon the late death of the Bishop of Cloyne, it was said I

was offered to succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth, for I was neither offered, nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the first minister, and have never seen him since, and I lately complained of him to the princess, because I knew she would tell him. I am, besides, all to pieces with the lord lieutenant, whom I treated very roughly, and absolutely refused to dine with him. So that, dear Jim, you see how little I shall be able to assist you with the great ones here, unless some change of ministry should happen. Yet when a new governor goes over, it is hard if I cannot be some way instrumental. I have given strict charge to Mr. Pope to receive you with all kindness and distinction. He is perfectly well received by all the people in power, and he loves to do good; and there can hardly go over a governor to whom he may not, by himself or friends, strongly recommend you.

I fear I shall have more than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbour to me in Ireland; and that your company will be more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in so great a dejection of spirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world is in so desperate a condition of health, as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two, with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too

strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable; but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing, from childhood; who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. They have hitherto writ me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden. Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting, and as much engaging, as violent love. Adieu.

If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall stay this winter in England; where it will be at least easier to find some repose, than upon the spot.

If I were your adviser, I would say one thing against my own interest; that if you must leave your college, for the reason you hint at, I think it would be better to live in England on your own estate, and the addition of one thousand pounds, and trust to industry and friends, and distinction here, than pass your days in that odious country, and among that odious people. You can live in a thrifty moderate way, and thrift is decent here; and you cannot but distinguish yourself. You have the advantage to be a native of London: here you will be a freeman, and in Ireland a slave. Here your competitors will be strangers; there every rascal, your contemporary, will get over your head by the merit of party. Farewell again; though my head is now disturbed, yet I have had these thoughts about you long ago.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE TO THE THREE YAHOOS OF TWICKENHAM.

JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN,* MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS.

THOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing; yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself, that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley farm,† and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give you farther proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu, Jonathan, Alexander, John! Mirth be with you.

From the banks of the Severn, July 23, 1726.

* John Gay. H.

† The country residence of Lord Bolingbroke, near Cranford in Middlesex. H.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

July 27, 1726*.

I HAVE yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies; and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am, I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to Montpelier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I entreated, if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her stamina could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood, and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visiter, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself. I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having forever lost that conversation, which could only make it tolerable.

* This was written from Mr. Pope's, at Twickenham. H.

I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral; she loved you well, and the great share of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her solicitations.

I writ to you about a week ago.*

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, Aug. 6, 1726.

At the same time that I had your letter, with the bill, (for which I thank you) I received another from Dr. Sheridan, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on Monday the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the first of September, I would have you renew my license of absence from the second of September, which will be the day that my half year will be out: and since it is not likely that you can answer this, so as to reach me before I leave London, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. Kenah, in Chester, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of Derbyshire or Wales. However, you need not renew the license till the first of September; and, if I come not, I will write to you from Chester. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such

* Soon after the date of this letter the dean went back to Ireland, but Mrs. Johnson recovering a moderate state of health, he returned again to England the beginning of the year 1727. H.

circumstances. Tell Dr. Sheridan I had his letter; but care not to answer it. I wish you would give me your opinion, at Chester, whether I shall come over or not. I shall be there, God willing, on Thursday, the eighteenth instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. Worrall for the care of our friend, which I shall never forget.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Aug. 15, 1726.

This is Saturday, and on Monday I set out for Ireland. I desired you would send me a letter to Chester. I suppose I shall be in Dublin, with moderate fortune, in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by Holyhead. I shall stay two days at Chester, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of August; but, however, if I am not with you by the second of September, which is the time that my license is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come; but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to Chester, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. Sheridan from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present.

I am, &c.

J. SWIFT.

TO DR. JINNY, RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

1726.

*** The author of "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," refers to an unpublished letter of Dr. Swift, now in the possession of Lord Dartrey, which entirely acquits him of that want of hospitality laid to his charge from some passages in his "Hamilton's Bawn." The letter is written to that Dr. Jinny, represented in the poem as looking so like a ninny: the purport of it is, "to acquaint the doctor (then rector of Armagh, in the neighbourhood of which he spent the summer) how he passed his time. Among other amusements, he mentions that of writing this very poem, the motives which excited him to it, and the effects it produced. And so far was it from giving umbrage to the lady, or jealousy to the knight, that every addition he made at night came up with the bread and butter as part of the entertainment next morning, and all parties expressed the utmost satisfaction."*

* The offence which the dean had given was not what this ingenious writer supposes. It was not by the poem on Hamilton's Bawn, which was not written till 1720, but by the destruction of a favourite old thorn in 1726, that the Acheson family were offended. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by Sir Arthur; yet the dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the absence of the knight, who was of course highly incensed, nor would see Swift for some time after. By way of making his peace, the dean wrote the poem, 'On cutting down the old Thorn at Market Hill,' which had the desired effect. N.

TO MRS. HOWARD.*

MADAM, *Sept.* 1, 1726.

Being perpetually teazed with the remembrance of you, by the sight of your ring on my finger, my patience at last is at an end; and in order to be revenged, I have sent you a piece of Irish plaid, made in imitation of the Indian, wherein our workmen are grown so expert, that, in this kind of stuff, they are said to excel that which comes from the Indies; and because our ladies are too proud to wear what is made at home, the workman is forced to run a gold thread through the middle, and sell it as Indian. But I ordered him to leave out that circumstance, that you may be clad in Irish stuff, and in my livery. But I beg you will not tell any parliament man from whence you had that plaid; otherwise, out of malice, they will make a law to cut off all our weavers' fingers. I must likewise tell you, to prevent your pride, my intention is to use you very scurvily; for my real design is, that when the princess asks you where you got that fine nightgown, you are to say, that it is an Irish plaid sent you by the Dean of St.

* Henrietta, the eldest sister to John Hobart, first Earl of Buckinghamshire, went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of Hanover, with her husband, the Hon. Charles Howard, and became of the bedchamber to the electoral princess, afterwards Princess of Wales, and then Queen Caroline. Upon the death of Queen Anne, she came over with her mistress, and was reckoned the greatest favourite at Leicester house. Some time after the accession of George II. her husband (who was one of the grooms of the bedchamber to King George I.) became Earl of Suffolk, by the death of his brother Edward; and in a few years she retired from court. She survived her first husband (by whom she had one son, Henry, who succeeded his father, and died without issue) and being countess dowager of Suffolk, married the Hon. Mr. George Berkeley, brother to Lady Betty Germain, in the year 1735. See Lady Betty Germain's letter, dated July 12, 1735. N.

Patrick's; who with his most humble duty to her royal highness, is ready to make her such another present, at the terrible expense of eight shillings and threepence per yard, if she will descend to honour Ireland with receiving and wearing it. And in recompense, I, who govern the vulgar, will take care to have her royal highness's health drunk by five hundred weavers as an encourager of the Irish manufactory. And I command you to add, that I am no courtier, nor have any thing to ask. May all courtiers imitate me in that! I hope the whole royal family about you is in health. Dr. Arbuthnot lately mortified me with an account of a great pain in your head. I believe no head that is good for any thing is long without some disorder, at least that is the best argument I had for any thing that is good in my own.

I pray God preserve you; and I entreat you to believe that I am, with great respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient
and most obliged servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

DEAR SIR, *London, Sept.* 3, 1726.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my Lord Chetwynd's, and though you had so much goodness as to forbid my answering it at that time; yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that even among

your old friends, you have not many who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish that those who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I do not like. Mr. Pope tells me, that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a larger share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is, to promise, that you shall not have one dish of meat at my table so disguised, but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table, if you do not like them, and no men, but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in London before you left it, having something which I would willingly have communicated to you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectation be raised, as if it was a matter of any great consequence: it is not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

Our parliament, they now say, is not to meet till after Christmas. The chief business of it being to give money, it may be proper the ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much farther they have ruu the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble, that England should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war, while all the other powers of Europe are in peace. But I will enter no farther into public matters, taking it for grant-

ed, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant ministers, and that they will open it; though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *London, Sept.* 16, 1726.

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordshire with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and at Petersham, and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltshire without me, on Tuesday next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go farther from London, than now and then to Twickenham. I saw Mr. Pope on Sunday, who has lately escaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded across his right hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my Lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned where a bridge has been broke down, near Whitton, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his periwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out; by which, he thinks, he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger and the next to it, but the surgeon, whom he sent for last Sunday from

London to examine it, told him that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed.* The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the singer, I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for, at that time, he was going every other day to Windsor park to visit Mr. Congreve, who has been extremely ill, but is now recovered, so that I was prevented from seeing of him by going out of town. I dined and supped on Monday last with Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, at Lord Berkeley's, at Cranford, and returned to London, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, on Tuesday by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on Monday next, but my week of attendance will be the first in October. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them despatch my plates for the fables; for without it, I find they proceed but very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can. Mr. Pulteney takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair, that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. Pope will follow your instructions. Mr. Launcelot sent for the spectacles you left behind you, which were delivered to him. Mr. Jervas's sheets are sent home to him, mended, finely washed, and neatly folded up. I intend to see Mr. Pope to-morrow or on Sunday. I have not seen Mrs. Howard a great

* See Lord Bolingbroke's account of this accident, in his letter dated Sept. 22, 1726. H.

while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time; if I could, while you are there, one of them should be always Dublin. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive that we shall meet again soon.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend, and servant,

J. GAY.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 20, 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I considered that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection, and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment to be supposed capable of saying any thing in two lines. The Gascon asked only to speak one word to the French king,

which the king confining him to, he brought a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: she has written about it. Mr. Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning; coming late, two weeks ago, from Lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break nor get down, he was very near drowned; for the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to help him. He had that in common with Horace, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levebat;* for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but, by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. Howard, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit and good conversation. I told her royal highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the Duchess of Marlborough's, with Mr. Congreve, who has been likely to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and likely to do well. My brother was near being cast away going to France: there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my interest. My dear friend, farewell.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

London, Sept. 22, 1726.

A BOOKSELLER,* who says he is in a few days going to Dublin, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance, than I should have by that of the post; though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Chedder† letter which is preparing for you. The only excuse, then, which I can plead for writing now is, that the letter will cost you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor Pope in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, a hole on one side, a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned, the fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand‡ was severely cut; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers: however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downward, which might create a sus-

* George Faulkner. F.

† A Chedder letter, is a letter written by the contribution of several friends, each furnishing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheese made at Chedder in Somersetshire, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheese, which is thus made of new milk, or fresh cream; of which one dairy not furnishing a sufficient quantity, the common practice is to make cheese of milk or cream that has been set by, till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at least is stale. H.

‡ Dr. Arbuthnot (p. 89) says he was hurt in the left hand. The doctor probably knew best. N.

picion that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. St. André says there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear that Dr. Arbuthnot says, that Mr. Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much; I will endeavour to see him tomorrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Oct.* 22, 1726.

BEFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was sent; and the answer was, that every thing was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days; so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. Pope was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the post office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers: for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter.

I wish I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really so; the wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downward, as I told you before;* but, I hope it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him.

In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs. Howard, and some of Mr. Pulteney, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monsieur Devaux, Mr. Pulteney's cook; and it has been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments. The difficulty of the saucepan, I believe you will find is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a stewpan. Your earthen vessel, provided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneum*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I should be quite ashamed to consult Mrs. Howard upon your account, who thinks herself entirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promised; however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I will venture to ask it of her. The prince and his family come to settle in town to-morrow. That Mr. Pulteney expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the

* In the letter of Sept. 16, Gay says no tendon is cut: he must therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him. H.

Guildhall improved. I have not a friend who has got any thing under my administration, but the Duchess of Queensberry, who has had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. Rollinson* so kindly, will, I know, give him much pleasure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and the strongest terms of friendship. He has been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my fables soon after Christmas. The doctor's book† is entirely printed off, and will be very soon published. I believe you will expect that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at Twickenham, and been his *amanuensis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half Virgil, and half Spenser's Fairy Queen. I still despise court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter: and I think I shall very probably hear more of the matter which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. Stopford:‡ Mr. Rollinson told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord Bolingbroke has been to make a visit to Sir William Wynd-

* A great friend of Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope. He married the widow of John Earl o Winchelsea. B.

† Arbuthnot's Tables of ancient Coins, &c. B.

‡ Dr. James Stopford, fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; and advanced to the bishopric of Cloyne in February, 1753. N.

ham. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been in a better state of health, and Mrs. Howard* were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. Pope's to-day, to have dined with him there on Monday.

You ask me how to address to Lord B———, when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean Lord Burlington, he is not yet returned from France, but is expected every day. If you mean Lord Bathurst, he is in Gloucestershire, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one of them in St. James's Square, or to the other at Burlington-house in Piccadilly, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney: and, I beg you in return, to make mine to Mr. Ford. Next week I shall have a new coat and new buttons, for the birthday, though I do not know but a turn coat might have been more for my advantage.

Yours most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that Lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his own house in Pall-mall, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt† for stewing veal:

"Take a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it, or steal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a stewing pan put it.

* Afterward Countess of Suffolk, from whom Gay at this time had expectations. H.

† This is supposed to be the receipt of Mr. Pulteney, undermentioned in the former part of the letter versified. H.

Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle;
Then* what's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle;
That which kill'd King Will:†
And what never stands still.‡
Some sprigs of that bed§
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinnage and endive,
And lettuce, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all;
For it maketh things small,
Which, lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal‖
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me see—
Thrice as long as you preach:**
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then! with what rapture
Will it fill Dean and chapter!"

* Vulgo *salary*. GAY.

† Supposed *sorrel*. GAY.

‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be *time* or *thyme*. GAY.

§ *Parseley*. See Chamberlayne. GAY.

‖ 'Of this composition see the works of the Copper-farthing Dean.' GAY.

** Which we suppose to be near two hours. GAY.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Nov. 8, 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly, that a man of your high post, dear sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter. I look upon the Captain Tom of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commission about your singer has not been executed sooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has spoke several times to Dr. Pepusch about it, and writ three or four letters, and received for answer that he would write for the young fellow; but still, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

Your books shall be sent as directed: they have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my subscribers' names.* I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's Travels: which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that at his age, can write such a merry work.

I made my lord archbishop's† compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid‡ for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince; which she laughed at. I

* To "Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several Dissertations." B.

† Probably Archbishop King of Dublin. B.

‡ The dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland, for the Princess of Wales, and the young princesses. H.

tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt* in time. I gave your service to Lady Harvey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad, that was writ on her, to the tune of Molly Mogg, and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change too double entendres; which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper† about quadrille, describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their a—es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms: it was not found out for a long time. The ladies, imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great minister was for hanging the author. In short, it has made very good sport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: so is Mr. Pope. We shall meet at Lord Bolingbroke's on Thursday, in town, at dinner, and remember you. Gulliver is in every body's hands. Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him

* This refers to 'A Key to the Lock: or a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, entitled, The Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion. By Esdras Barnevelt, apothecary.' H.

† Written by Mr. Congreve; and printed in Almon's Foundling Hospital for Wit, No. 93. N.

that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in Wapping, and not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it, and they shall be undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be, to rig out a privateer for the West Indies. Will you be concerned? We will build her at Bermudas, and get Mr. Dean Berkeley* to be our manager.

I had the honour to see Lord Oxford, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things, which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My family, thank God, are pretty well, as far as I know, and give their service. My brother Robert has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side,

I must remain, dear sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

Nov. 1726.†

I DID not expect, that the sight of my ring would produce the effects it has. I was in such a hurry to

* He formed a design of fixing a university in the Bermudas. See note on Bolingbroke's letter dated July 24, 1725. H.

† Endorsed, "Nov. 1726. Answe el 17th." N.

show your plaid to the princess, that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by 2 1-2. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: for a short method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each side, you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of Lagado.* I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary, that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow, and the white silks; and though the gowns are for princesses, the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant how you dispose the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the checker might be best managed.

The princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels,† and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several Laputian mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends the 500

* See Gulliver's Travels. H.

† See Gulliver's Travels, where high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties. H.

weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here, whether the big-endians, and lesser-endians, ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput?

I cannot conclude without telling you, that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits.* May we not hope, and with some probability expect, that in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am, sir, your most humble servant,

SIEVE YAHOO.†

TO THE SAME.

MADAM, *Nov.* 17, 1726.

When I received your letter, I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended

* This alludes to a famous impostor, Mary Toft, of Godalmin, in Surry, called the rabbit woman, who, in Nov. 1726, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and imposed, among others, upon St. André, the surgeon, who attended on Mr. Pope, (p. 91.) and who was her advocate in print. Sir Richard Maningham was also deceived by her. Not so Mr. Dillingham the apothecary, who, on feeling her pulse, pronounced that she was not in labour, and laid a wager with St. André of twenty guineas, that in a limited time the cheat would be discovered. It was so, and Mr. Dillingham laid out that money in a piece of plate, on which he had three rabbits engraved as a memorial. N.

† Sieve is a name given by Swift, in Gulliver's Travels, to a court lady. N.

downward to the right in one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by any one who did not squint with both eyes; an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ down, you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the Travels of one Captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although at the same time, I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages, in order to understand a letter of fifty lines; especially as those of our faculty are already but too much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly offended with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highness, that you are a mercenary Yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court, farther than to show the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it; and my gratitude to her royal highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me; which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last; for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices, and magnify the virtues of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which, I suppose, was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can

easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure the princess and you have got the length of my foot, and Sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that I need not give you the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs buttered or poached; but I possess one talent which admirably qualifies me for roasting them: for, as the world, with respect to eggs, is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to discover the meaning of those monstrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark court intrigue, and perhaps, some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal, that loves to walk in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishop, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities: But rabbits being clothed in furs, may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram, by which is meant the ministry, butting with his two horns, one against the church, and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or, which is the same thing, chief minister to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors or princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and

my lines. This is without a cover, to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will discover secrets between us. In a little room for words, I assure you of my being, with truest respect, madam, your most obedient humble servant.

FROM MR. GAY.

Nov. 17, 1726.

About ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord —— is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a

man*. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The duchess dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares that she has now found out, that her whole life has been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes: and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she should give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess has read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this has its defenders too. It has passed lords and commons, *nemine contradicente;* and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

* It is no wonder a man of real merit should *condemn* a satire on his species; as it injures virtue, and violates truth: and as little, that a corrupt and worthless man should *approve* such a satire, because it justifies his principles, and tends to excuse his practice. WARBURTON.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it has not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima;* which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley: and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like a Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo,* and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to

* By this circumstance it is clear that Gay knew Swift to be the author of Gulliver; though the whole letter pleasantly goes on the idea of Swift's being a stranger to the work. Dr. Warton.

make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

SIR, *Nov.* 29, 1726.

I WAS endeavouring to give an answer to yours in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes she might have taught me to draw sounds out of consonants. But she, being a professed friend to the Italian speech and vowels, would give me no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the yahoo language.

The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Every body (since a new turn) approves of it; but the women seem most satisfied, who declare for few words and horse performance. It suffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend the doctor* takes no care of. In some, the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's from an eloquent bard, and some take the braying of an ass for the emperor's speech in favour of the Vienna alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use; men have lost their ti-

* Probably Arbuthnot. H.

tles; continents and islands have got new names, just upon the appearance of a certain book.* Women bring forth rabbits;† and every man, whose wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of a notorious scribbling magician,‡ who was generally suspected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of sorcery preparing, and Merlin's friends were afraid, that the exasperated pettifoggers would persuade the jury to bring in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in several shapes: at one time a drapier;‖ at another a Wapping surgeon;§ sometimes a nardack, sometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raise the dead; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets, in the same caravan from the other world; and after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizard. But what mutations among the Lilliputians! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to Captain Gulliver; she takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person; and now who but Captain Gulliver? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet

* Gulliver's Travels. H.

† Mary Tofts pretended to do this, see p. 100; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the imposture was detected. H.

‡ The Dean. H.

‖ In the Drapier's letters against Wood's halfpence. H.

§ Lemuel Gulliver. H.

live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment. Sir,

Your affectionate tar.

TO MRS. HOWARD.*

MADAM, [1726.]

My correspondents have informed me, that your ladyship has done me the honour to answer several objections that ignorance, malice, and party have made to my Travels, and been so charitable as to justify the fidelity and veracity of the author. This zeal you have shown for truth calls for my particular thanks, and at the same time encourages me to beg you would continue your goodness to me, by reconciling me to the maids of honour, whom, they say, I have most grievously offended. I am so stupid as not to find out how I have disobliged them. Is there any harm in a young lady's reading of romances? Or did I make use of an improper engine to extinguish a fire that was kindled by a maid of honour? And I will venture to affirm, that if ever the young ladies of your court should meet with a man of as little consequence in this country as I was in Brobdingnag, they would use him with as much contempt; but I submit myself and my cause to your better judgment, and beg leave to lay the crown of Lilliput at your feet, as a small acknowledgment of your favour to my book and person. I found it in the corner of my waistcoat pocket, into which I thrust most of the valuable furniture of the royal apartment when the palace was on fire, and by

* This letter must have been written about the end of the year 1726. H.

mistake brought it with me into England; for I very honestly restored to their majesties all their goods that I knew were in my possession. May all courtiers imitate me in that, and my being, madam, &c.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.*

De Dawley, ce premier Fevrier, 1726-7.

On m'a dit, monsieur, que vous vous plaignez de n'avoir point recû de mes lettres. Vous avez tort: je vous traite commes les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ai celle de vous écrire; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître, l'idée que je me faisois de votre gravité, me retenoit: depuis que j'ai eu celui de voir votre révérence, je ne me suis pas trouvée assez d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain M. de Gulliver avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination ci éteint par l'air de Londres, et par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit. Je voulus me saisir de ce moment pour vous écrire mais je tombai malade, et je l'ai toujours été depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monsieur, du premier retour de ma santé pour vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis très flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami M. Gulliver. J'apprends avec une grand satisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en François, et comme mon séjour en Agleterre

* A French lady of great fortune, learning, and politeness, second wife to Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, who married her whilst in exile. She had been second wife of the Marquis de Villette, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to Madame de Maintenon. See Voltaire, Siécle de Louis XIV. tom. II. She died March 18, 1749. Lord Bolingbroke survived her; dying December 15, 1751, aged 78. H.

a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent participer au plaisir que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, et profiter de ses découvertes. Je ne désespére pas même que 12 vaisseaux que la France vient d'armer ne puissent être destinés à une embassade chez messieurs les Houyhnhnms. En ce cas je vous proposerai, que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je sai bon gré à un ouvrier de votre nation, qui pour instruire les dames (lesquelles comme vous savez, monsieur, font ici un grand usage de leurs éventails) en a fait faire, ou toutes les aventures de notre véridique voyageur sont dépeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur conversation. Cela fera à la vérité beaucoup de tort à la pluie et au beautems, qui en remplissoient une partie, et en mon particulier je sera privée des *very cold* et *very warm*, qui sont les seuls mots que j'entends. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un mérite avec les dames d'Irlande, si tant est que vous en ayez besoin; ce que je ne crois pas, du moins si elles pensent comme les Françoises. Le seigneur de Dawley, Mr. Pope, et moi sommes ici occupés à boire, manger, dormir, ou ne rien faire, priant Dieu qu'ainsi soit de vous. Revenez ce printems nous revoir, monsieur; j'attend votre retour avec impatience pour tuer le bœuf le plus pesant, et le cochon le plus gras, qui soit dans ma ferme: l'un et l'autre seront servis en entier sur la table de votre révérence, crainte que mon cuisinier n'use aucun déguisement. Vous brillerez parmi nous du moins autant que parmi vos chanoines, et nous ne serons pas moins empressés à vous plaire. Je le disputerai à tout autre, étant plus que personne du monde votre très humble et très obeissante servante.

FROM THE SAME.*

Mr. Pope m'a fait grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre Dublin pendant que nous habitons notre Dawley. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de théâtre en France, tirées soi-disant des idées de Gulliver. Je ne vous les envoye point, car elles sont détestables: mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien réussi chez nous qu'on a crû, qu'en mettant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pieces, on les rendroit recommendables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse: il se plaint et boude de ce que vous êtes parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, où vous ne dites pas un mot pour lui: mais je vous crois comme les coquettes, qui se fiant à leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous seront pardonnés à la première lettre et encore plus aisément à la première esperance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur, portez vous bien, et nous serons content, je ne m'aviserai pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci: Je suis étrangère de plus en plus, et je ne serois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où je pourrois vivre avec vous.

* Endorsed, "Lady Bolingbroke." N.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Feb. 17, 1726-7.

This opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I shall have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance. Mr. Stopford being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions. You will find anger on one side, and rage on the other; satire on one side, and defamation on the other. *Ah! où est Grillon?* You suffer much where you are, as you tell me in an old letter of yours which I have before me; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between Dawley and Twickenham; and these hopes, you flatter us enough to intimate, support your spirits. Remember this solemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you, as it was to Oxford. What matter if you are deaf? what matter if you cannot hear what we say? You are not dumb, and we shall hear you, and that is enough. My wife writes to you herself, and sends you some fans just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella,* whoever she be. Adieu, dear friend, I cannot in conscience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. Stopford's conversation. I am hurrying myself here, that I may get a day or two for Dawley, where I hope that you will find me established at your return. There I propose to finish my days in ease, without sloth; and believe I

* Mrs. Johnson died the month preceding the date of this letter. But, considering the tenderness with which the dean was known to regret her loss, this is a strange expression. F.

shall seldom visit London, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful B——.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM, *Feb.* 1, 1726-7.

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is yet but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her royal highness. The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, has obtained my leave for a second attempt; in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the princess and you; for, such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there: and I expect to find you are altered by flattery or ill company, I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my esteem; because, when the princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his royal highness,* against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night: While I

* See Gulliver's Travels, Voyage to Lilliput, ch. IV. N.

was caressing one of my Houhynhnms, he bit my little finger so cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a Sieve Yahoo,* for so you are pleased to call yourself. Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole, that if he does not use me better next summer than he did last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclésiastique.* I hope you will get your house and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free access when you are at court; for, as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth considering on such occasions. I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her royal highness; therefore, I think, I may let you tell her, "That every grain of virtue and good sense, in one of her rank, considering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior person." Now, if what the world says be true, that she excels all other ladies at least a dozen times; then, multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can say a civiler thing, let him; for I think it too much for me.

I have some title to be angry with you, for not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be any thing more base, than to make me the first advances, and then be inconstant? It is very hard, that I must cross the sea, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you in person; when, at the same time, I feel myself, with the most entire respect,

Madam, &c.

* See Mrs. Howard's letter, Nov. 8, 1726. N.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Feb.* 18, 1726-7.

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. Pope has taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. Stopford: but, however, I could not omit this occasion of thanking you for his acquaintance. I do not know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he has given me some hopes of seeing him again in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to day at the doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. Stopford gave us, that we are likely to see you soon. My fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr. Stopford can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. Howard desires me to make her compliments: she has been in an ill state as to her health all this winter, but I hope is somewhat better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter: upon my being let blood last week, my cough and my headach are much better. Mrs. Blount always asks after you. I refused supping at Burlington-house to night, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. Bowrie told me this morning that Pope had a cold, and that Mrs. Pope is pretty well. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that

state which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of laudable ambition, so that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others! Pray give my sincere service to Mr. Ford. Dear sir, yours most affectionately,

J. GAY.

FROM MR. POPE.

March 8, 1726-27.

Mr. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you; and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume, in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought: but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner; diverting others, just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses, but I would choose to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all of manking miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece

like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write, and if you were with us, you would be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non nostrum est, tantas componere lites.** I stay at Twitnam, without so much as reading newspapers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib, with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (though as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit tree.

Lady Bolingbroke† has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this; she has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you:

* "It is not ours such factions to compose." P.

† Madame Vilette, relict of the Marquis Vilette, second wife of Lord Bolingbroke. She was niece to the celebrated Madame Maintenon. N.

I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR, *Dublin, April* 8, 1727.

I AM just going for England, and must desire you to be my proxy at the bishop's visitation. I find there is likewise a triennial visitation, and think the enclosed may serve for both, with your wise management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanery for this summer. You have their service, and so has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live seven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanery proctor, whom I have discharged. I believe I am worse for him six hundred pounds, and his brother is not much better. I wish you had been at my elbow to advise one, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come safe back, and then to have done with England.

I am ever yours, &c.

J. S.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, May 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopped and opened. I had yours of the 4th instant, and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland since I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold; I am of opinion she should be generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town. We are here in a strange situation; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it if possible. It is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans: a great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends, not to go to France (as I intended for two months) for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here. I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern. I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr. P——; his cousin with the red ribbon inquired very kindly after him. I hear no news about your bishops, farther than that the lord lieutenant stickles to have them of Ireland, which Walpole always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered for Holland.

But this will bring such an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages against those in power, in the next sessions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the princess* twice this week by her own commands: she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom; she charges me without ceremony to be author of a bad book,† though I told her how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the prince were very well pleased with every particular: but I disown the whole affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased. You will wonder to find me say so much of politics, but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glasses, and the number of their bottles. I stole this time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see this town.

My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six sets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

May 18, 1727.

I LIVED on Tuesday with you and Pope. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat,‡

* Caroline, princess of Wales, afterward queen, consort of George II. H.

† Gulliver's Travels. H.

‡ Dawley. B.

and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two thirds to friendship, one third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you showed me, mention is made of the author of Three Occasional Letters,* a person entirely unknown. I would have you insinuate there, that the only reason Walpole can have had to ascribe them to a particular person, is the authority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those, who neither love, esteem, nor fear the minister, that he may report, not what he hears (since no man speaks with any freedom before him) but what he guesses.

Friday Morning.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it; and I am going to-day to London, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. Pope does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—— character transferred into the administration. Adieu. I am ever faithfully yours, my dear and reverend dean. I embrace Pope.

*Printed in his lordship's works. They were first published in February, 1726. H.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, *May* 18, 1727.

I UNDERSTAND, by some letters just come to my hands, that at your grace's visitation of the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's, a proxy was insisted on from the dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a dean of St. Patrick's, you will have some reason to insist upon it: but, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: it is only through them that you visit me, and my subdean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist: your grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dexterous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim: never to yield to an oppression, to justify which no precedent can be produced. I see very well how personal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the queen's death, your grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one single mark of your favour beyond common civilities. And if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six-and-twenty years past. This has something in it the more extraordinary, because, during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it to the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful, against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly: by which I got more ill will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends.

My lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God will die, an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds; and I believe, at the same time, that persons of such a disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your grace has often said, "You would never infringe any of our liberties." I will call back nothing of what is past; I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a license to be absent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predecessors. I thought, and have been told, that I deserved better from that church and that kingdom: I am sure, I do from your grace. And I believe, people on this side will attest, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that the occasion of my journey hither, being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on business of importance to me, and partly to see my friends; I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months without your grace interposing to disturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of those in power here, who allow themselves to be my professed adversaries, make some atonement for the unkindness of others, who have so many reasons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and therefore, if conscience were quite out of the case for me to do a base thing, I will set no unworthy examples for my successors to follow; and, therefore, repeating it again, that I shall not concern myself upon the proceeding of your lordship, I am, &c.

FROM THE PRINCE OF LILLIPUT.

†**‡.*

In European characters and English thus:

The high and mighty Prince EGROEGO, born to the most puissant empire of the East,

Unto STELLA, the most resplendent glory of the Western hemisphere, sendeth health and happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS, 1727.

THAT invincible hero, the MAN MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coasts some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of Blefuscu, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your favour. In order to which, we have set our able and trusty nardac KOORBNILOB, requesting, that if our general does yet tread upon the terrestrial globe, you, in compassion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And lest any apprehensions of famine among us, should render nardac MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars, with plenty of provision for a

* Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the Lilliputian tongue. D. S.

long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And farthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would complete our happiness by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country; where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady, farewell.

PRINCE EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th moon, in the 2001 year of the Lilliputian era.

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

SIR, *Friday*, 1.

I SEND you here enclosed two letters, one for Mr. De Morville, our secretary of state, and the other for Mr. De Maisons, both desirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be so kind as to let me know if you intend to go by Calais, or by the way of Rouen. In case you resolve to go by Rouen, I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by Rouen. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned English since I am in England. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for Paris, and provide you with all the requisite conveniences. Vouchsafe to

acquaint me with your resolution, I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

Your most humble obedient faithful servant,

VOLTAIRE.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE,

AU COMPTE DE MORVILLE, MINISTRE ET SECRETAIRE D'ETAT A VERSAILLES.

MONSEIGNEUR,

Je me suis contenté jusqu'ici d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe ; mais il n'est pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que je le suis, de demeurer plus long temps sans vous faire ses sincéres complimens.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait le célébre Monsieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous présenter une de mes lettres. Je sai que sa reputation est parvenue jusqu' à vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoître. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui lui sont attribués. Eh, qui est plus capable que vous, monseigneur, de discerner les beautés d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copiés. Je crois que vous ne serez pas faché de diner avec Monsieur Swift, et Monsieur le President Henaut. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincère attachement à votre personne, la liberté que

je prens de vous présenter un des hommes les plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et le plus capable de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualités.

Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond respect, et un attachement rempli de la plus haute estime,

Monseigneur, votre très humble et très obeissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, June 24, 1727.

I HAVE received your last, with the enclosed print. I desire you will let Dr. Delany know, that I transcribed the substance of his letter, and the translation of what was registered, and added a whole state of the case, and gave it Mrs. Howard to give to the prince from me, and to desire, that as chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit.* I forgot to ask Mrs. Howard what was done in it, the next time I saw her, and the day I came to town, came the news of the king's death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friend; since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the king's and queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been and am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go to France when the news of the king's† death ar-

* His royal highness George Prince of Wales, chancellor of the university of Dublin. H.

† King George I. H.

rived, and I came to town in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it, and I then determined it a second time; when, upon some new incidents, I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world, and our friend will reproach me for my share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used the worse or better for being called whig or tory, and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults: we have made our offers: if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the archbishop* goes on to proceed to *sub poena contemptûs*, &c. I would have an appeal at proper time, which I suppose must be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However, I will spend a hundred or two pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value three

* Dr. William King. H.

pence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five shilling in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent* in Ship street takes care and inquires about my new agent.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Saturday, at Pope's, June 24, 1727.

I AM going to London, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you if I see you, and leave for you if I do not see you.

There would not be common sense in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit, which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you. To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me; one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependant's air, you may spend in England all the time you can be absent from Ireland, *et faire la guerre à l'oeil.* There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot answer for consequences. Adieu.

* Rev. Mr. John Worrall. H.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to Cranford from the Pall-mall.

I shall be returned again to London on Monday evening.

FROM THE SAME.

Cranford, Tuesday.

I HAVE so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will be ready to say, Physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday, fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel and bitters, waters and drops. I wish John Gay success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? polished, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken give him the noble pretension of dangling away life in an antichamber, or of employing real talents to serve those who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other men's follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an Englishman; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cæpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord* is returned, my kindest services to him.

FROM THE SAME.†

Sunday.

You may be sure of letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller, and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay in the country to-morrow, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from Suffolk on my summons.

On Tuesday, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the Pall-mall, and there you shall have, if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart; since you do go into France, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave England without embracing the man in England who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

* Mr. Pope, the dean being at Twickenham. N.

† Endorsed "Lord Bolingbroke, on my going to France, about June, 1727." N.

DE M. L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.*

A Paris, le 4 *Juillet*, 1727.

J'AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de édition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en François. Je vous aurois envoyé la première, si je n'avois pas été obligé, pour des raisons que je ne puis vous dire, d'insérer dans la préface un endroit, dont vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurémens malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de édition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de Monsieur Carteret, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux mémoires. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidelle; mais tout ce qui plaît en Angleterre, n'a pas ici le même agrément; soit parce que les mœurs sont différentes, soit parce que les allusions et les allégories, qui sont sensibles dans un pays, ne le sont pas dans un autre; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux François un livre, qui fut à leur usage: voila ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidelle. J'ai même pris la liberté d'ajouter, selon que votre imagination échauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui a été débitée ici avec une rapidité étonnante, et dont il y a déjà trois éditions. Je

* Peter Frances Guyet des Fontaines, born at Rouen in Normandy, June 29, 1685, entered into the society of the Jesuits in 1700; but quitted it fifteen years after. He lived some years with the Cardinal d'Auvergne; and died at Paris, Dec. 16, 1745, being well known for several works, and particularly for his "Observations sur les Ouvrages Modernes," in thirty-three volumes; and his "Jugemens sur les Ecrits nouveaux," in eleven volumes. H.

suis pénétré d'une si grand estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé, que si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfaisoit pas entièrement, je ferai volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la préface : au surplus, je vous supplie, monsieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendûe dans la même préface.

On se flatte, monsieur, qu'on aura bientôt l'honneur de vous posséder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience.

On ne parle ici que de votre arrivée, et tout Paris souhaite de vous voir. Ne différez pas notre satisfaction : vous verez un peuple, qui vous estime infiniment. En attendant je vous demande, monsieur, l'honneur de votre amitié, et vous prie d'etre persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'est avec plus de considération et d'estime,

Votre très humble,
et très obeissant serviteur,
L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.

Mr. Arbuthnot a bien voulû se charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

A M. L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.

Il y a plus d'un mois que j'aye recu votre lettre du 4e Juillet, monsieur ; mais l'exemplaire de la 2de édition de votre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ai lû la préface de la première ; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'aye été fort surpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je suis né, vous

avez trouvé à propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de déplaire à quelques uns de nos ministres, et que je n'ai jamais avoué. Cette plainte, que je fais de votre conduite à mon égard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre justice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges excessives aux ouvrages qu'ils traduisent, et s'imaginent peut-etre, que leur réputation dépend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs, qu'ils ont choisis. Mais vous avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles précautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, entreprize plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, nous n'avez pas craint, de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez être plein de polissoneries, de sottises, de puérilités, &c. Nous convenons ici, que le gout des nations n'est pas toujours le même. Mais nous sommes portés à croire, que le bon goût est le même par tout, où il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement et de sçavoir. Si donc les livres du sieur Gulliver ne sont calculés que pour les isles Britanniques, ce voyageur doit passer pour un très pitoyable écrivain. Les mêmes vices et les mêmes folies regnent par tout; du moins, dans tous les pays civilisés de l'Europe: et l'auteur, qui n'écrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume, ou même un siècle, mérite si peu d'être traduit, qu'il ne mérite pas d'être lû.

Les partisans de ce Gulliver, qui ne laissent pas d'être en fort grand nombre chez nous, soutiennent, que sun livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas son mérite de certaines modes ou manières de penser et de parler, mais d'une suite d'observations sur les imperfections, les folies, et les vices de l'homme.

Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approuvent pas fort votre critique; et vous serez sans doute surpris de sçavoir, qu'ils regardent

ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne sort jamais de son sérieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne se pique point d'avoir de l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public, dans une narration simple et naive, les avantures, qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses qu'il a vûes, ou entendues dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant à l'article qui regard milord Carteret, sans m'informer d'où vous tirez vos mémoires, je vous dirai, que vous n'avez écrit que la moitié de la vérité : et que ce Drapier, ou réel on supposé, a sauvé l'Irlande, en menant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au dépens du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivés, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de France présentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver un autre occasion. Je sçais, que j'aye perdû beaucoup, et je suis très sensible à cette perte, L'unique consolation, qui me reste, c'est de songer, que j'en supporterai mieux le pays, auquel la fortune m'a condamne.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, July 9, 1727, *between Church and Dinner time.*

MADAM,

Mr. Gay, by your commands, as he says, showed me a letter to you from an unfortunate lady, one Mrs. Pratt, whose case I know very well, and pity very much ; but, I wonder she would make any mention of me, who am almost a stranger to you, farther than your goodness led you a little to distinguish me. I have often told Mrs. Pratt, that I had not the least interest with the friend's

friend's friend of any body in power; on the contrary, I have been used like a dog for a dozen years, by every soul who was able to do it, and were but sweepers about a court. I believe you will allow that I know courts well enough, to remember, that a man must have got many degrees above the power of recommending himself, before he should presume to recommend another, even his nearest relation; and, for my own part, you may be sure that I will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe cleaner to your meanest domestic. But you know too well already how very injudicious the general tribe of wanters are. I told Mrs. Pratt, that if she had friends, it were best to solicit a pension; but it seems she had mentioned a place. I can only say, that when I was about courts, the best lady there had some cousin, or near dependant, whom she would be glad to recommend for an employment, and therefore would hardly think of strangers: For I take the matter thus; that a pension may possibly be got by commisseration, but great personal favour is required for an employment. There are, madam, thousands in the world, who, if they saw your dog use me kindly, would, the next day, in a letter, tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and being assured that a word of mine to you would do any thing, desire my interest to speak to you, to speak to the speaker, to speak to Sir Robert Walpole, to speak to the king, &c. Thus wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulrush in their way.

One place I humbly beg for myself, which is in your gift, if it be not disposed of; I mean the perquisite of all the letters and petitions you receive, which, being generally of fair, large, strong paper, I can sell to good

advantage to the bandbox and trunk makers, and I hope will annually make a pretty comfortable penny.

I hear, while I was at church, Mr. Pope writ to you upon the occasion of Mrs. Pratt's letter, but they will not show me what is writ: Therefore I will not trust them, but resolved to justify myself; and they shall not see this.

I pray God grant you patience, and preserve your eye sight: but confine your memory to the service of your royal mistress, and the happiness of your truest friends, and give you a double portion of your own spirit to distinguish them. I am, with the truest respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient

and most obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[*Aug.* 1727.] *Tuesday.*

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over since you was here. They are extremely well; but the Craftsman has not only advertised the public, that he intended to turn newswriter; he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the Occasional Writer, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs; and, in short, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mow-

ers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let Pope share my embraces with you.

TO DR. SWIFT.*

Thursday.

LORD B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return from London. Let me know how you are. Say something kind from me to Pope. Toss John Gay over the water to Richmond if he is with you. Adieu.

MR. PULTENEY TO MR. POPE.

Eleven o'clock, Tuesday morning.

I AM obliged to you for all your compliments, and when the Dean is well enough, I hope to see you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you saw me last; for I flatter myself, that in an hour or two I shall be once more blessed with a son. Mrs. Pulteney is now in labour: if she does well, and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much longer Sir Robert governs England, or Horace governs France.

I am ever yours,

W. P.

* It does not appear who was the writer of this short letter. Perhaps Mr. Pulteney. N.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1, 1727.

I HAD yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ six times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr. Pope is reading your Persius; he is frequently sick, and so at this time; he has read it, but you must wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant translation, or only to show the meaning; I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark author: I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage. There is a word (*concacuus*) which you have not explained, nor the reason of it. Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the king was dead, and the circumstances of it. I hold you a guinea, I shall forget something. Worrall writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again; just to see the queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been this ten days inclined to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering; our friend understands it, but I grow cautious; am something better; cyder and champaign and fruit have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the king when he was prince; he

and his secretary* are discontented with the provost,† but they find he has law on his side. The king's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the Prince of Wales to be chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to Stella on her collecting my verses, and send them to me, for we want some to make our poetical miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them, and all other double papers, to Lord Bathurst, in St. James's square, London. I was in a fright about your verses on Stella's sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr. Synge. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never persuade me, that it is in the archbishop's power to take or refuse my proxy, when I have the king's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer to defend the rights of the dean. Pray ask Mr. Synge whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, &c. I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do, and settle, before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr. Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the king had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers should have been sent unbound, but it is no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. Fad but seldom; I never trouble

* Samuel Molyneux, Esq. F. † Rev. Mr. Baldwin. F.

them but when I am sent for: she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told that I never go to court, which I mention because of a passage in Mrs. Dingley's letter; she speaks mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I will give you a pot of ale.

I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impossibilities.

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.*

REVEREND SIR, *Paris, Aug.* 1, 1727.

Mr. Hook having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine a performance of mine,† I take this occasion to make my acknowledgments. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit, is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world; where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am, with the utmost regard and esteem,

Reverend Sir,

Your most humble,

and most obliged, obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

* Endorsed by the dean, "Scotch Author in France." N.

† The Travels of Cyrus. N.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

August, 1727.

I WRITE to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid that I do not feel the evil? Is this meant in a good natured view? or do I mean that I please myself, when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if *poison* or other methods do not enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word poison, give me leave to tell you, it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 12, 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with Lord Oxford* from Cambridgeshire, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little less I think than I was yesterday; but which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill,

* Son of the late right honourable Robert Harley, lord high treasurer of England, created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne. H.

that yesterday I took a hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better; but what will be the event, I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf fits use to continue five or six weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London, and take my cousin Launcelot to be my nurse. Our friends know her; it is the same with Pat Rolt. If my disorder should keep me longer than my license of absence lasts, I would have you get Mr. Worrall to renew it; it will not expire till the sixth or seventh of October, and I resolved to begin my journey September 15th. Mr. Worrall will see by the date of my license what time the new one should commence; but he has seven weeks yet to consider: I only speak in time. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides, Mr. Pope is too sickly and complaisant; therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The king and queen come in two days to our neighbourhood;* and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which, however, is none of my grievances, for I would rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness is the disorder, that will at last get the better of me; but I would rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday. Since my dinner my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarines,

* Richmond. H.

and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall, however, set out in the midst of September, as I designed. This is a long letter for an ill head: so adieu.

My service to our two friends and all others.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM, *Twickenham, Aug.* 15, 1727.

I WISH I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life: and instead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good substantial giddiness and headach. The best of it is, that although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my leave of absence, which I shall not renew: and then the queen will have the misfortune not to see me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since she was queen, but when I kissed her hand. And, although she were a thousand queens, I will not lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do last year: but I would not show it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have, because I try your good sense and taste, more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could put upon you; and you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably well under it; much better than your mistress, if what a lady told me was true: that talking with the queen about me, her majesty said

"I was an odd sort of a man." But I forgive her; for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes.

I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know: and for that very reason, there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself.

I am, &c.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM, *Twickenham, Aug.* 19, 1727.

About two hours before you were born I got my giddiness, by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine coat about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read and ——, there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together. So much for the calamities wherein I have the honour to resemble you; and you see your sufferings are but children in comparison of mine; and yet, to show my philosophy, I have been as cheerful as Scarron. You boast that your disorders never made you peevish. Where is the virtue, when all the world was peevish on your account, and so took the office out of your hands? Whereas I bore the whole load myself, no body caring three pence what I suffered, or whether I were hanged or at ease. I tell you my philosophy is twelve times better than yours; for I can call witnesses that I bear half your pains, beside all my own, which are in themselves ten times greater. Thus have I most fully answered your queries. I wish the poison were in my

stomach (which may be very probable, considering the many drugs I take,) if I remember to have mentioned that word in my letter. But ladies who have poison in their eyes, may be apt to mistake in reading.* O! I have found it out; the word *person* I suppose was written like *poison*. Ask all the friends I write to, and they will attest this mistake to be but a trifle in my way of writing, and could easily prove it if they had any of my letters to show. I make nothing of mistaking untoward for Howard; wellpull, for Walpole; knights of a share, for knights of a shire; monster, for minister; in writing speaker, I put an *n* for a *p*; and a hundred such blunders, which cannot be helped, while I have a hundred oceans rolling in my ears, into which no sense has been poured this fortnight; and therefore if I writ nonsense, I can assure you it is genius, and not borrowed.

Thus I write by your commands, and besides, I am bound in duty to be the last writer. But, deaf or giddy, hearing or steady, I shall be ever, with the truest regard,

Madam,

Your most obedient

and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th, and expect before you read this, to receive another from you, with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should

* See Mrs. Howard's letter, p. 142. N.

be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years, twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship, will bear no more. I have mentioned the case, as well as I knew it, to a physician, who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same, air and exercise, and at last ass's milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease, that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. Worrall to get a new license about the beginning of October, when my old one (as you will see by the date) shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from London on the other side toward the sea, and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury plain, or in France; and therefore I desire Mr. Worrall may make this license run like the former; "to Great Britian, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health."

Neither my health nor grief will permit me to say more: your directions to Mr. Launcelot at his house in

New Bond-street, over against the Crown and Cushion, will reach me. Farewell.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, Sept. 2, 1727.

I HAD yours of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us, while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Launcelot's house, where I desire all letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August 24; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the suspence of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him; and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last, that you would not enlarge upon that event; but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitæ*; but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not

whether it be an addition to my grief or not, that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health when such a friend is desperate. I do profess upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who, by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over,* that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person, you know, has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer.

MR. POPE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR, *Twickenham, Sept. 6, 1727.*

I am both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the Dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you, and at the same time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to ease you as far as I can) his physician and friend Dr. Arbuthnot assures me,

* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. H.

he will soon be well. At present he is very deaf, and more uneasy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way, which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reason for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers sufficiently; if not, he will stay here this winter. Upon pretence of some very unavoidable occasions he went to London four days since, where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniatreté* in leaving me; but he shall not get rid of the friend, though he may of his house. I have suggested to him the remedy you mention: and I will not leave him a day till I see him better. I wish you could see us in England without manifest inconvenience to yourself; though I heartily hope and believe that our friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is so justly merited: and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem, sir,

Your truly affectionate
and obedient servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often desired the Dean to make known to you my sense of the good opinion you have expressed of me in your letters. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand, and I desire you to continue it to one who is no way ungrateful.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

September, 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love-letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I would rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your headach, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave England till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking; I dare not go to you. Believe nobody that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, September 12, 1727.

I HAVE not writ to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire

to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimè decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos, qui sinistrè hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniat (quod Deus aventut) ut illic moriatur.* I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. Sheridan, to whom I write this post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray answer all call of money in your power to Mrs. Dingley, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of my license, I am afraid. Therefore two or three days before it expires, which will be the beginning of October, (you will find by the date of the last) take out a new one for another half year; and let the same clause be in of leave to go to Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health; for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better) I will go to France, if my health will permit me, to forget myself.* I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. Deacon, or Alderman Pearson, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me seventy-five pounds, and interest upon his bond; so that you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer.

I am sincerely yours, &c.

You need not trouble yourself to write, till you have business; for it is uncertain where I shall be.

* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went to Ireland; and Mrs. Johnson, after languishing about two months, died on the 28th of January, 1727-8, in the 44th year of her age. H.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM, *Sept.* 1727.

THIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for Ireland; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion. I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life.

I hope you will favour me so far, as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow that my disorder was of such a nature as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours.*

FROM MR. POPE.

Oct. 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter, left for me at Mr. Gay's, affected me so much that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every cir-

* The dean's opinion of this lady, and sense of her majesty's favours, are expressed very differently in other places; it is therefore to be presumed, they were changed by some event subsequent to this letter, though he was never afterwards in England. See the "Verses on his own Death," in vol. xi.; and the letters of Lady Betty Germain, dated Nov. 7, 1732, and Feb. 1732-3. H.

cumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease, to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning; perhaps you know it: But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: for, the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us the whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you: nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good.

Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune has made my home; I have there a large house, and servants, and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody, alive or dead, to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write to Utopia for Heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared

it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my license expiring. Surely, beside all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it has pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or not. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts: so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes, animam æquam ipse tibi parabis.** You see Horace wishes

* "Let Jove give health, give riches, you shall find
An inward treasure in an equal mind." S.

for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach: and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too.

Yours, &c.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, *Dover-street, Oct.* 12, 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the North; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanery till the spring. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation, although he might have seen it with little trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another, till I can have the laudable excuse of old age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present majesties, since Nottingham at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the spring, which will be a very great pleasure to me.

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the Oxford Marmora: I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to send me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. Clayton, who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true respect, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad.

Mr. Clayton will call upon you before he comes to England; I have written to him to that purpose.

FROM MR. GAY AND MR. POPE.

Oct. 22, 1727.

THOUGH you went away from us so unexpectedly, and in so clandestine a manner: yet, by several inquiries, we have informed ourselves of every thing that hath happened to you.

To our great joy, you have told us, your deafness left you at the inn in Aldersgate-street; no doubt, your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England.

Our advices from Chester tell us, that you met Captain Lawson;* the captain was a man of veracity, and set sail at the time he told you; I really wished you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then

* Commander of the king's Dublin yacht. H.

been in Ireland the next day; besides, as it is credibly reported, the captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his cabin. You would not then have had the plague of that little smoky room at Holyhead;* but, considering it was there you lost your giddiness, we have great reason to praise smoky rooms for the future, and prescribe them in like cases to our friends. The maid of the house writes us word, that, while you were there, you were busy for ten days together writing continually; and that as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blundered more and more. By a scrap of paper left in this smoky room, it seemed as if the book you were writing was a most lamentable account of your travels; and really, had there been any wine in the house, the place would not have been so irksome. We were farther told, that you set out, were driven back again by a storm, and lay in the ship all night. After the next setting sail we were in great concern about you, because the weather grew very tempestuous: when, to my great joy and surprise, I received a letter from Carlingford in Ireland, which informed us, that after many perils, you were safely landed there. Had the oysters been good, it would have been a comfortable refreshment after your fatigue. We compassionated you in

* When the Dean was there, waiting for a wind, one Weldon, an old seafaring man, sent him a letter, that he had found out the longitude, and would convince him of it; to which the Dean answered in writing, that, if he had found it out, he must apply to the lords of the admiralty, of whom perhaps one might be found who knew something of navigation, of which he was totally ignorant; and that he never knew but two projectors, one of whom (meaning his own uncle Godwin) ruined himself and family, and the other hanged himself; and desired him to desist, lest one or other might happen to him. In vol. ix. are some verses by the Dean, written on the window of the inn whilst he was detained at Holyhead. N.

your travels through that country of desolation and poverty in your way to Dublin; for it is a most dreadful circumstance, to have lazy dull horses on a road where there are very bad or no inns. When you carry a sample of English apples next to Ireland, I beg you would get them either from Goodrich or Devonshire. Pray who was the clergyman that met you at some distance from Dublin? because we could not learn his name. These are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every step of which we shared your anxieties; and all that we have now left to comfort us is, to hear that you are in good health.

But why should we tell you what you know already? The queen's* family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman usher to the princess Louisa, the youngest princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting;† and I have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly. I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera‡ is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

* Queen Caroline, consort of King George II. N.

† This appointment was treated by all the friends of Gay as a great indignity; and he is said to have felt the disappointment very severely, and was too much dejected on the occasion. N.

‡ The Beggar's Opera. N.

Gay is a free man, and I wrote him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus' time if he pleased; but I will not do it in the time of our Augustus. My poem* (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers) my poem, I say, will show you what a distinguished age we live in: your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu! and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

> Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air;
> Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
> Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
> Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem.† Adieu.

TO MR. POPE.

Oct. 30, 1727.

The first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay, but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that

* The *Dunciad*. N.

† We see by this with what judgment Pope corrected and erased. Warburton.

letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship you acted like some philosophers, who writ much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years, farther than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et ceteras, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you, is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health: you pay dearly for the great talents God has given you; and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health: in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke, and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board, for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost

twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it, with St. Paul, "if we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" This is more proper still if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pounds, I would not allow myself to be in your debt: and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit when you shall happen to be disengaged: I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here as well as civility and good nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance who used to correspond with the last great duke of Tuscany, showing one of the duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letter: *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the duke well, said the meaning of *real good*, was only that the other might turn a good catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good christian and (which is almost as rare) a good woman. Adieu.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 27, 1727.

I entirely approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: and, since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy; you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper. I am very glad your opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured: Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and

tatebearing: Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.*

Now, why does not Pope publish his dulness? the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward. Pray inquire how my lord St. John does; there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the usual dedication fee of twenty guineas? How is the doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your opera to-day for sixpence; a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand goût.*

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro,* as London can be; continually acting, and houses crammed, and the lord lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Lockett and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imita-

* Let every expectant of preferment in church and state carefully attend to, and remember the *five* reflections of a man well versed in courts. Dr. Warton.

ted Alexander the Great when he was dying:* I would have had his fellow rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause at the song, "That was levelled at me;" when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them.† I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers ——.

Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age and dulness, and sickness, and coldness, or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto.‡ Lord, how the

* A hint that might have been worked up with much humour; as was the quarrel of Locket and Peachum. Dr. Warton.

† Some of these songs that contained the severest satire against the court were written by Pope; particularly

"Thro' all the employments of life."

And also,

"Since laws were made," &c. Dr. Warton.

‡ This was Miss Lavinia Fenton. She afterward became Duchess of Bolton. She was very accomplished, was a most agreeable companion; had much wit, and strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable and well made; though she could not be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old Lord Bathurst, and Lord Granville. Quin thought the success of this opera so doubtful, that he would not undertake to play the part of Macheath, but gave it up to Walker. And indeed it had like to have miscarried and been

schoolboys at Westminster, and university lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse sir —— the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years, the emperor answered, That he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver: I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Nov. 30, 1727

I HAVE heard, dear sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the enclosed comes from, and I hope will value mine for what it contains.

damned, till Polly sung, in a most tender and affecting manner, the words,

"Upon the rope that hangs my dear
"Depends poor Polly's life."

This is the air that is said irresistibly to have conquered the lover who afterward married her. DR. WARTON.

I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you have not done me justice, or your friends have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I do not stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing, for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest (or do you think that I could have or procure any) with my lord lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one Captain Innes, I think in Colonel Wilson's regiment, and now in Limerick? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at St. James's. There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for hopes of preferment there by favour he has laid it aside. He had made a pretty good bargain (that is, a Smithfield one) for a little place in the custom-house, which was to bring him in about a hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr. Delany. Pray give my humble service to him.

As for news; it was writ from Spain to me, from my brother in France, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some of them told me, that the answer was rather surly. Lord Townshend is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the

back-stairs yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. Pope, Curll, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to Paris last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion in abundance; for I will promise you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect,

Yours, &c.

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

In London, Maiden-lane, at the White Peruke,
SIR, *Covent Garden, Dec.* 14, 1727.

You will be surprised in receiving an English essay* from a French traveller. Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in English.

You will see, by the advertisement, that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name.

* An essay on the civil wars of France, which he made the foundation of his Henriade, an heroic poem, since well known. He had been imprisoned in the Bastile, in Paris; but, being released about the year 1725, he came to England, and solicited subscriptions for his poem. In about a year and an half he had made himself master of our language; and in 1727, when this letter was written, he published the essay here written, with an essay on the epic poetry of the European nations from Homer to Milton. H.

Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to intreat you to make some use of your interest in Ireland about some subscriptions for the Henriade, which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR,

I SENT the other day a cargo of French dulness to my lord lieutenant. My Lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the Henriade. She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and I hope the merit of being presented to you by her hand will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. Pope this winter; but I have seen the third volume of the Miscellanea; and the more I read your works the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

TO MRS. MOORE.

DEAR MADAM, *Deanery-house, Dec.* 27, 1727.

THOUGH I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune; I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those who love us with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it. Self love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life as a most contemptible thing in itself, and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person, than to reflect rather upon what is left than what is lost. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one* of them of an age to be useful to his family, and the two others as pro-

* Charles Devenish, Esq. D. S.

mising as can be expected from their age; so that, according to the general dispensations of God Almighty, you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished: common observation showing us, that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents' indulgence, or soon taken out of the world; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments; with a general dislike of persons and things: and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life the nearer we approach toward the end of it. And this is the use you are to make in prudence, as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which, in the course of nature and providence, you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind and reliance upon his mercy in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life.

I fear my present ill disposition both of health and

mind has made me but a sorry comforter;* however, it will show that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship,

Dear madam,

Your most obedient,

and humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD, *Jan.* 18, 1727-8.

I WAS informed, that your excellency having referred to the university here for some regulations of his majesty's benefaction for professors; they have, in their answer, insinuated as if they thought it best, that the several professorships should be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be so. I need not inform your excellency, how contrary such a practice is to that of all the universities in Europe. Your excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two last ages, have been invited by princes to be professors in some art or science for which they were renowned; and that the like rule has been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your excellency will show no regard to so narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowships, and spoil professorships; although I should be sorry that any fellow should be thought incapable on that account, when otherwise qualified. And I should be glad that any person,

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs. Johnson's death, an event which was then almost daily expected. N.

whose education has been in this university, should be preferred before another upon equal deservings. But that must be left to those who shall be your excellency's successors, who may not always be great clerks: and I wish you could in some measure provide against having this benefaction made a perquisite of humour or favour. Whoever is preferred to a bishopric, or to such a preferment as shall hinder him from residing within a certain distance of this town, should be obliged to resign his professorship.

As long as you are governor here I shall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts; and I hope you will consider them, until you find I grow impertinent, or have some bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber by the continuance of my unconversable disorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, &c.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Carteret.

Your friend Walpole has lately done one of the cruellest actions that ever I knew, even in a minister of state, these thirty years past; which, if the queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget its cunning.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

1727-8.

Pope charges himself with this letter: he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and be-

fore the end of the week he will be, for aught I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his *Dulness** grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness, which carried you so suddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health. I will give you a recipt for it, à là Montaigne, or, which is better, à la Bruyere. "Nourisser bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: Laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour éveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux songes: Lever vous tard, et aller a l'église, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien déjeune."

As to myself (a person about whom I concern myself very little) I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth (to use a gardener's phrase) and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu, let me hear from you, at least of you: I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account, I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding

* The Dunciad. N

a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy* are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber, and the British Journalist;† so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her majesty's waterman) that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to them. But the opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. I pray love me, and take care of yourself.

* The petticoat government. S.

† William Arnall, bred an attorney. It appears from the report of the secret committee in the year 1742, for inquiring into the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, that Arnall received for *Free Britons*, and other writings, in the space of four years, not less than 10,987*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* out of the treasury. WARBURTON.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Feb.* 15, 1727-8.

I HAVE deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the Beggar's Opera. It is acted at the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields with such success, that the playhouse has been crowded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting, and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered Motte* to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest, either for approbation or money: nor has any body been pressed to take tickets for my benefit: notwithstanding which, I think I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have expectations. The Duchess of Queensberry has signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths.† Lord Cobham says, that I should have printed it in Italian over against the English, that the ladies might have understood what they read. The outlandish (as they now call it) opera has been so thin of late, that some have called that the Beggar's Opera; and if the run continues, I fear I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the royal academy of music.

* Benjamin Motte, the bookseller. B.

† See the letter of Nov. 9, 1729. N.

As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair I have almost worried myself into an ill state of health; but I intend in five or six days to go to our country seat at Twickenham for a little air. Mr. Pope is very seldom in town. Mrs. Howard frequently asks after you, and desires her compliments to you. Mr. George Arbuthnot, the doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. Peggy Robinson.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about business.

I am, dear sir,

Your most affectionate and obedient servant,

J. GAY.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *March* 20, 1727-8.

I AM extremely sorry that your disorder is returned: but as you have a medicine which has twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr. Delany at my lodgings; but, as I have been for a few days with Mr. Pulteney at Cashioberry, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon Lord Bathurst and Lord Bolingbroke; both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady Bolingbroke was very much out of order; and, with my lord, is now at Dawley; she expects a letter from you. Mrs. Howard would gladly have the receipt you have found so much benefit by: she is happier than I have seen her ever since you left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs by articles of agreement.

The Beggar's Opera has been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first; and as yet there is not the least probability of a thin audience: though there is a discourse about the town, that the directors of the royal academy of music design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the Beggar's Opera; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success, between seven and eight hundred pounds; and Rich (deducting the whole charge of the house) has cleared already near four thousand pounds. In about a month I am going to the Bath with the Duchess of Marlborough and Mr. Congreve; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The Duchess of Queensberry is in Wiltshire, where she has had the small-pox in so favourable a way, that she had not above seven or eight on her face: she is now perfectly recovered. There is a mezzotinto print published to-day of Polly, the heroine of the Beggar's Opera,* who was before unknown, and is now in so high vogue, that I am in doubt, whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself. I would not have talked so much upon this subject, or upon any thing that regards myself, but to you: but as I know you interes yourself so sincerely in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me if I had said less.

Your singer owes Dr. Arbuthnot some money, I have forgot the sum; I think it is two guineas; the doctor desired me to let you know it. I saw him last night

* Miss Fenton. H.

with Mr. Lewis at Sir William Wyndham's, who, if he had not the gout, would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write; for which reason I ought to do him justice, and tell you, that I think him a sincere well wisher of yours. I have not seen Mr. Pope lately, but have heard that both he and Mrs. Pope* are very well. I intend to see him at Twickenham on Sunday next. I have not drunk out the Gutheridge cider yet; but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to Jervas upon that account. I really miss you every day; and I would be content that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately.

You have half a year's interest due at Lady-day, and now it is March the 20th, 1727-8.

FROM MR. POPE.

March 23, 1727-8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England, wherein you will find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author.

* Mr. Pope's mother. H.

But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle) that the person is an anabaptist, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's opera has acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pounds:* he will soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world, yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness*, (which, by the way, for the future you are to call by a more pompous name, the *Dunciad*) how much that nest of hornets are my regard will easily appear to you when you read the Treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine studiorum*.

* Before Mr. Gay had *fenced* his thousand pounds, he had a consultation with his friends about the disposal of it: Mr. Lewis advised him to entrust it in the funds, and live upon the interest; Dr. Arbuthnot, to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr. Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only say with the old man in Terence:

"——————— fecistis probè:
Incertior sum multo, quam dudum."† WARBURTON.

Would to God our persons could but as well and as surely be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tendered by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: Your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say to me in this kind obliges me, nay delights me, to see the justice you do me, in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier, next to that it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to

get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of these insects.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,
*Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.**

I mean than *my Iliad;* and I call it *Nescio quid,* which is a degree of modesty; but, however, if it silence these fellows,† it must be something greater than my Iliad in christendom. Adieu.

FROM SIR JOHN BROWNE.

REV. SIR, *Dawson-street, April* 4, 1728.

By a strange fatality, though you were the only person in the world from whom I would conceal my being an author, yet you were unaccountably the only one let into the secret of it: the ignorant poor man who was entrusted by me to deliver out the little books,‡ though he kept the secret from all others, yet, from the nature of

* Ye Greek and Roman authors, yield the prize,
See something greater than an Iliad rise." S.

† It did in a little time effectually silence them. WARBURTON.

‡ This treatise was, "A Memorial of the poor Inhabitants, Tradesmen, and Labourers, of the Kingdom of Ireland;" to which Dr. Swift immediately published an answer, dated March 25, 1728; and printed in the twelfth volume of this collection. N.

the subject, concluded that I could have no interest in concealing it from you, who were so universally known to be an indefatigable promoter of the welfare of Ireland. But though the accident gave me some uneasiness at first; yet, when I consider your character, I cannot doubt (however slender the foundation of such a hope may be from any merits of my own) your generosity will oblige you to conceal what chance has revealed to you, and incline you to judge of me, not from the report of my enemies, but from what I appear in the little tracts which have waited on you.

I shall not presume, sir, to detain you with the narrative of the origin and progress of the parliamentary accusations and votes against me; although, would you do me the honour to inquire, I could easily convince you, from my own particular case, that men have two characters; one which is either good or bad, according to the prevailing number of their friends or enemies, and one which never varies for either: one which has little or no regard to the virtue or vice of the subject, and one which regards that alone, is inherent (if I may say so) in the subject, and describes it what it really is, without regard either to friends or enemies.

All I shall beg of you is, to suspend your judgment upon it; since all parties allow that, although I had several summons from the committee for Monday, and many evidences on the road in obedience to their summons, yet I was tied down by the committee the preceding Saturday, and deprived of the benefit of all my evidences, notwithstanding any thing I could urge to the contrary. This, I hope, I may say without injury to Mr. Bingham: for sure he may be entirely innocent, and yet a magistrate under the immediate direction of the lord chief justice, who takes examinations against

him, examinations that do not even contain matter to form an indictment upon, may be innocent also.

It shall suffice therefore to say, I went from Ireland loaded with the severest censures of the house of commons: injured, as I thought, and oppressed to the greatest degree imaginable: robbed of that character which was dearer to me than life itself, and all that by an overbearing and overpowering interest.

I sought in England for that peace and protection which was denied me at home. My public character followed me: my countrymen injured me. The nature of man is sociable: I was forced to herd with strangers. A prime minister, engaged in the success of a scheme, wants no emissaries to spy out all that makes for him, and to fly with what they have found to their employer. I was unfortunately set by those sort of creatures: my sentiments on the state of our money matters were industriously sifted through me; and when that was done, before I knew any thing of the matter, I was served with his majesty's summons: in a hurry I ran out of town, and staid in the country awhile; but, on my return, again found another summons at my lodgings; and, terrified by the dismal effects of power at home, from risking a second shipwreck abroad, I yielded to it, and appeared at the Cockpit.

It is true, my appearance at the Cockpit, to those who knew me only by the votes of the house of commons, must have looked like a design of a revenge; and I had many and powerful enemies, who gave all my actions the worst colour. But, to take the matter impartially, sir, is there no allowance to be made for a mind already broken by the dismal effects of prevailing power, and filled with the apprehensions of second dangers? Is there no allowance for a man, young in the knowledge of the world, under all these fears and misfortunes, if he has

yielded to the repeated summons of the council of England, in which his majesty was present; and if he was there, after a long and strenuous opposition, forced to tell his sentiments; forced, sir, to tell his sentiments, not in the manner represented to the world, but in a manner the most cautious of giving room for a pretence to oppose the inclinations of our parliament?*

But, alas, the consequence! You, sir, the defender of Ireland, were soon engaged against me on that account; and that fatal genius of yours, in an instant ruined my character; but, even ruin-bearing as it was, I blessed it: the cause which you undertook was dear to me; and though fame is the last thing which one would sacrifice, even for his country, yet I parted with that with pleasure, while you thought it necessary for the public good so to do. But now the end is served, dear sir, may not the man have his mare again?†

Plato being told that certain persons aspersed his character, and represented him abroad as a very ill man; instead of expostulating with his enemies, and returning reproach for reproach, concealed himself, saying, "No matter, my friends; the whole life of Plato shall give his accusers the lie."

Could I set before me a greater example? Under the general displeasure of my country; under all the censures which the restless malice of my enemies could devise, and under the keen edge of the drapier's wit, the only revenge in which I indulged myself was, by a steady love for my country, and by manifest acts of affection

* By this passage, compared with the drapier's third letter, it appears that Sir John Browne was one of the four evidences examined by the privy council in England, on behalf of Wood's patent. N.

† It was probably on account of this letter, that the two passages respecting Browne in the drapier's third letter, which are restored in this edition, were struck out by the dean. N.

thereto, to be a silent reproach to the foul tongues of my enemies.

Permit then, sir, permit me in peace, to take his great example, and no longer give way to the power of my enemies by continuing to oppress me. They have already gained their cause by you: but I must say it was not the sword of Ajax, but the armour of Achilles, which he put on, that won the day.

The cause for which you undertook my ruin was the cause of my country: it was a good cause, and you shall ever find me of that side. You have carried it, and I know you will no longer be my enemy. But alas! as long as your works subsist, wherever they be read, even unto the end of time, must I be branded as a villain? It is a hard sentence; and yet, unless the spear of Achilles, the same instrument which gave the wound, administer the remedy, it must be so.

In short, sir, you must be a man of honour; it is not possible that honour should be wanting where all the distinguishing characteristics of it are found: I cannot doubt it: and therefore I will let you fully into a secret, which accident has given you a part of; and I am sure you will keep it.

The source of all my misfortunes was the vote of the house of commons: but I have laboured, however, as I always shall, to serve my country, and make myself agreeable to them: and though the misfortune of a bad public character deprived me of the private conversation of my countrymen, which is the surest and best way to know our true interest; yet I flatter myself that my little essays may be useful, at least they may be no bad beginning; and you know it is easy to add to a work once begun. But, if the work is known to be mine, the very

name will condemn it, and render it useless to my country.*

Whatever the faults may be, I have publicly applied to you to amend them, before the bearer's mistake made me determine this private application to you: And I must say, that I shall reckon it no small degree of honour if you take that trouble upon you.

In the mean time, I shall beg the favour of you to keep a secret, which no other person but my printer, my bookseller, and the bearer knows.

I am, reverend sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN BROWNE.

FROM MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

SIR, *May* 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleased with your letter, but I should have thought myself much more obliged had you been less sincere, and not told me I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you: and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare;

* The dean, in his Answer to the Memorial, which was published before he had received this letter, says, "I received a paper from you, whoever you are, without any name of author or printer, and sent, I suppose, to me, among others, without any distinction. It contains a complaint of the dearness of corn, and some schemes for making it cheaper; which I cannot approve of." After objecting to several particulars in Sir John Browne's plan, the dean adds, "Sir, upon the whole, your paper is a very crude piece, liable to more objections than there are lines: but I think your meaning is good, and so far you are pardonable." N.

which merits some remembrance without the help of another. I cannot say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill: but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health; mine has been, since Christmas, (at which time I had my fever and rash) neither well nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in form, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very easy in my chair hire: for a dyed black gown and a scoured white one have done my business very well; and they are just now fit for Petersham, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire* I had last year. I am very unwilling to change; and moreover I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at court, I will tell you where the royal family design to pass their summer: two months at Richmond lodge, the same time at Hampton court, and six weeks at Windsor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her: for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.

Dr. Arbuthnot I am very angry with; he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing; he is gone to the Bath: I wish you were ordered there,

* Dr. Swift. D. S.

for I believe that would carry Mr. Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at court, I would soon convince you that I am very sincerely

Your faithful friend
and very humble servant,
M. B.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shown the New-England newspaper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver; and I remember Mr. Fortescue* sent you an account from the assizes of one Lemuel Gulliver, who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's opera has been acted here twenty times, and my lord lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he has seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is

* William Fortesque, Esq. afterward a baron of the Exchequer. See vol. xxiii. N.

another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges: I mean a middle kind, both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I cannot tell without offence that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those, that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland *(Quanquam O!)* and for England I despair: and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper, who has been my Walpole above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here, beside what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which, as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach, farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have

it *volare per ora*—there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera has done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur*. Adieu.

TO LORD CARTERET.

May 10, 1728.

I TOLD your excellency, that you were to run on my errands. My Lord Burlington has a very fine monument of his ancestor the Earl of Cork in my cathedral, which your excellency has seen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body, to have it repaired, and I in person have desired he would do it. And I desired likewise, that he would settle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a year (not an annuity) to keep it always in repair. He said, "He would do any thing to oblige me; but was afraid that, in future times, the five pounds a year would be misapplied, and secured by the dean and chapter to their own use." I answered, "That a dean and twenty-four members of so great a chapter, who, in livings, estates, &c. had about four thousand pounds a year among them, would hardly divide four shillings among them, to cheat his posterity; and that we could have no view but to consult the honour of his family." I therefore command your excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he has put upon us in not answering a letter written to him by the dean and chapter in a body.

The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance; and I writ to her about a small sum, to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself; and also there was a letter from the dean and

chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems, Mildmay, now Lord Fitzwalter, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or, whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell Lord Fitzwalter, "That if he will not send fifty pounds, to make a monument for the old duke, I and the chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; wherein it shall be expressed, that the posterity of the duke, naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves." And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and rather than send it, I will take up the bones and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or as you now call him, Lord Fitzwalter: and I expect, likewise, that he will let Sir Conyers D'Arcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him justice, he averred, "That Mildmay was so avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to save charges."

I expect likewise, that if you are acquainted with your successor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party, and what weight you laid on them: and that having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him pass unpreferred. And lastly, that you will let your said successor know, that you lament the having done nothing for Mr. Robert Grattan;* and gave

* Of this family there were seven brothers, sons of Dr. Grattan, a venerable and hospitable clergyman, who gave them all a liberal education. The eldest was in the commission of the peace, and lived reputably on his patrimony in the country. Another was a physician

him such a recommendation, that he may have something to mend his fortune.

These are the matters I leave in charge to your excellency: and I desire that I, who have done with courts, may not be used like a courtier: for, as I was a courtier when you were a schoolboy, I know all your arts. And so God bless you, and all your family, my old friends: and remember, I expect you shall not dare to be a courtier to me.

I am, &c.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Bath, May* 16, 1728.

I HAVE been at the Bath about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon, with Mr. Lewis, who is very much your humble servant. He is here upon account of the ill state of health of his wife, who has as yet found very little benefit from the waters. Lord and Lady Bolingbroke are here; I think she is better than when I came here: they stay, as I

another son, James, a merchant (who died lord mayor of Dublin in 1726;) three others were clergymen; and the youngest, Charles, fellow of Dublin college, and master of the great president at Inniskilling. With all these brothers Swift lived in the strictest intimacy; and to one of them, who had a house at Belanery, near Dublin, the following memorandum in the Dean's hand writing has reference: "Mr. Grattan's walk, called *The Revenge Walk*, was from the gate going in to Gordon's house-door, by computation, 1740 feet; out of the length of this walk, he made a lease for ever of 595 feet, with a field adjoining, to Mr. Deering, a stranger. Therefore Mr. Grattan's walk is now in length only 1145 feet. It was the greatest folly, of a private domestic kind, that I ever remember; for that walk was the only convenience in his garden or grounds about it, and the only agreeable circumstance that could make the place tolerable." N.

guess, only about a fortnight longer. They both desired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. Congreve,* who is in a very ill state of health, but somewhat better since he came here. Mr. Lewis tells me, that he is promised to receive a hundred pounds upon your account at his return to London; he having (upon request) complied to stay for the payment till that time. The two hundred pounds you left with me are in the hands of Lord Bathurst, together with some money of mine, all which he will repay at Midsummer, so that we must think of some other way of employing it; and I cannot resolve what to do. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I am now, as I have been all my life, at the disposal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a stock of health, some of which I wish to communicate to you. Dr. Delany told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy taking horses is as good as taking the waters: I hope you have found benefit by it. The Beggar's Opera is acted here; but our Polly has got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have sent by Dr. Delany, the opera, Polly Peachum, and Captain Macheath. I would have sent you my own head (which is now engraving to make up the gang,) but it is not yet finished. I suppose you must have heard that I have had the honour to have had a sermon preached against my works by a court chaplain,† which I look upon as no small addition to my fame. Direct to me here when you write; and the sooner that is, the sooner you will make me happy.

* He died Jan. 19, 1728-9. N.

† Dr. Thomas Herring, then preacher to the society in Lincoln's Inn, and afterward archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Swift, in the Intelligencer, No. III. published in Ireland, speaks with great asperity of Dr. Herring, on account of his sermon against the Beggar's Opera. B.

TO MR. POPE.

Jan. 1, 1728-9.

I look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another: only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I would not say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath that you have more virtue in an hour than I in seven years; for you despise the follies and hate the vices of mankind without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which has made all parties and interests indifferent to you; who can be under no concern about high and low church, whig and tory, or who is first minister. Your long letter was the last I received till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Doctor told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your inquires, I am easy enough in great matters, but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks used by my chapter to tease

me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind: I have formerly described them to you, but when you come you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall, on that account, make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own: if I were five-and-twenty I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the university lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of ease and liberty, so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

FROM MR. POPE.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks, but his attention is sometimes diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in

the triumvirate between yourself and me: though he says, that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidos, while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures, like Antony. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall* with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm—now turn over a new leaf.—

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself: there, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says farther, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

* The editor of the Biographia Britannica observes from his own knowledge, that it was so painted in black crayons, and that over the door was this inscription:

"Satis beatus ruris honor." N.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *proeme, prolegomena, testimonia scriptorum, index authorum*, and notes *variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best,* whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory, or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill. Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

FROM MR. GAY

DEAR SIR, *Bath, July* 6, 1728.

The last news I have heard of you, was from Mr. Launcelot, who was at this place with Lord Sussex, who gave me hopes of seeing you the latter end of this summer. I wish you may keep that resolution, and take the Bath in your way to town. You, in all probability, will find here some or most of those you like to see. Dr. Arbuthnot wrote to me to-day from Tunbridge, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had several relapses of a fever: he tells me that he is much better, and that in August he intends to come hither. Mr. Congreve and I often talk of you, and wish you health and every good thing; but often, out of self-in-

* Dr. Swift did so. WARBURTON.

terest, we wish you with us. In five or six days I set out upon an excursion to Herefordshire, to Lady Scudamore's, but shall return here the beginning of August. I wish you could meet me at Gutheridge. The Bath did not agree with Lady Bolingbroke, and she went from here much worse than she came. Since she went to Dawley, by her own inclination, without the advice of physicians, she has taken to a milk diet, and she hath writ me an account of prodigious good effects both in the recovery of her appetite and spirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty; I have an inclination to study, but the heat makes it impossible. The Duke of Bolton,* I hear, has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled 400*l.* a year upon her during pleasure; and upon disagreement 200*l.* a year. Mr. Pope is in a state of persecution for the Dunciad; I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom. It would be a consolation to me to hear from you. I have heard but once from Mrs. Howard these three months, and I think but once from Pope. My portrait mezzotinto is published from Mrs. Howard's painting; I wish I could contrive to send you one, but I fancy I could get a better impression at London. I have ten thousand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you interest yourself in every thing that concerns me so much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health, which I wish you to hear every morning as soon as I awake.

I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately.

* Who afterward married Miss Fenton. H.

TO MR. POPE.

July 26, 1728.

I HAVE often run over the Dunciad, in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned: for I have long observed that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate. When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had, but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire or more good sense in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till toward winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter of June 28, and find that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am

thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of, this excellent author, &c. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement? and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances!

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrer on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man Godward, and the most intemperate yourselfward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh and two hundred less in money: Providence never designed him to be above two-and-twenty by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: the fall from a million to a hundred thousand pounds is not so great as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: besides he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so greatly and expensively as he has done since his return from exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius had not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is a liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher—and Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little. And Horace was of my mind, and let my lord contradict him if he dares.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

*Market-hill,** *Aug.* 2, 1728.

Our friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. Nobody in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were; but I persuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourself easy, and had got that living you mentioned, and accordingly we were grieved, and rejoiced at the loss and settlement of a friend; but it never entered into our heads, that you were bestowing forty days in several stages between constable and constable, without any real benefit to yourself, farther than of exercise; and we wished that nobody should have had the benefit of your long absence from your school but yourself, by a good living, or we by your good company; much less than the pleasure of spiting T—— had been your great motive. I heartily wish you were settled at Hamilton's Bawn, and I would be apt to advise you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for by a letter I just received from the Bishop of Cork, which was short and dry, with the stale excuse of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him. As to what you call my exercise, I have long quitted it: it gave me too much constraint, and the world does not deserve it. We may keep it cold till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many speculations. I am well here, and hate removals; my scheme was, that you should come hither, as you say, and I return with you in your chaise. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, pressed me to stay longer. I am a very busy man, such

* The seat of Sir Arthur Acheson. H.

as a Quilca, which you will know when you come; yet I would contrive to be pressed more to stay till Christmas, and that you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own visitation: and my reason for staying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hosts. This is my state and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my scheme. However, I would have you keep your vacation of September here; and let Mrs. Brent send me a dozen guineas (half of them half guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding gown and cassock, and whatever else I may want by a longer absence, provided you will resolve and swear that I shall stay.

I had all Mrs. Brent's packets by Mr. Little. My service to Mrs. Dingley. I cannot say that I have more to say, than to say that I am, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 18, 1728.*

My continuance here is owing partly to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and sick, hardly ever without a little giddiness or deafness, and sometimes both: so much for that. As to what you call my lesson, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the world deserves so much trouble from you or me. I think the sufferings of the country for want of silver, deserves

* This should also be dated from Market-hill. H.

a paper,* since the remedy is so easy, and those in power so negligent. I had some other subjects in my thoughts; but truly I am taken up so much with long lampoons on a person, who owns you for a back, that I have no time for any thing else; and if I do not produce one every now and then of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleness, and threatened with you. I desire you will step to the deanery, speak to Mrs. Brent,† bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's scrutoire in my closet, and then do you take out from thence the history‡ in folio, marble cover; and two thin folios fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them; one is an account of the proceedings of Lord Oxford's ministry, and the other§ to the same purpose. There are foul copies of both in the same drawer, but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up and brought hither by the bearer. My lady is perpetually quarrelling with Sir Arthur and me, and shows every creature the libels I have writ against her.‖

Mr. Worrall sent me the particulars of the havoc made in Naboth's vineyard.** The d—— burst, &c.

I think Lady Dun's burning would be an admirable subject to show how hateful an animal a human creature is that is known to have never done any good. The rabble all rejoicing, &c. which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

* In the Intelligencer, the 19th number of which is on this subject. H.

† The Dean's housekeeper. H.

‡ History of the Peace of Utrecht.

§ The State of Affairs in 1714.

‖ See Hamilton's Bawn, or the Grand Question Debated. H.

** A field, not far from the deanery house, which Doctor Swift inclosed at a great expense with a fine stone wall lined with brick, against which he planted vines and the best chosen fruit trees, for the benefit of the dean of St. Patrick's for the time being. H.

I wish you could get in with the primate, on the account of some discourse about you here to-day with Whaley and Walmsley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next in order for England. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some good with the primate as to the first good vacant school, if you wheedle him, and talk a little whiggishly.

MR. POPE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I THANK you kindly for your news of the dean of St. Patrick's, for your Persius,* for every thing in your letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr. Whaley. Beside his own merit, the demerit of his antagonist goes into the scale, and the dean tells me he is a coadjutant of that fool Smedley. You must have seen, but you cannot have read, what he has lately published against our friend and me. The only pleasure a bad writer can give me he has given, that of being abused with my betters and my friends. I am much pleased with most of the Intelligencers, but I am a little piqued at the author of them for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon so honourable an occasion as being slandered by the dunces, together with my friend the dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad: it had never been writ but at his request, and for his deafness: for had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an edition as is now published; you will soon see a better, with a full and true com-

* A prose translation by Dr. Sheridan. N.

mentary, setting all mistakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the Dunciad have been sent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors: if I had an amanuensis (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth) you should have them with this. If your university or town have produced any on this subject, pray send them me, or keep them at least together, for another day they may all meet.

I have writ to the dean just now by Mr. Elringson, who charges himself with this, and have inserted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family; in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any information of it.

Though I am a very ill correspondent, I shall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eyesight is bad, my head often in pain, my time strangely taken up. Were I my own master (which, I thank God, I yet am, in all points but one, where humanity only constrains me) I would infallibly see Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm designs, will ever take effect,

Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus!

I am (wherever I am) the dean's, and the dean's friends, and consequently faithfully, sir,

Your affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

TO MR. WORRALL.*

Sept. 28, 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my servants: so tell Mrs. Brent† and Dr. Sheridan; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions I troubled you with.

I imagine Mrs. Brent is gone into the country, but that you know where to send to her. I desire you will pay her four pounds, and sixteen pounds to Mrs. Dingley, and take their receipts. I beg Mrs. Dingley's pardon for not remembering her debt sooner; and my humble service to her. I desire Mrs. Brent to send me the best receipt she has for making meath; she may send her receipt for making the strong meath, and that for making the next strong, and the third strong. Hers was always too strong; and on that account she was so wilful I would suffer her to make no more. There is a vexatious thing happened about the usquebaugh for my Lord Bolingbroke. It seems, you only directed it for the Earl of Berkeley; but I thought I had desired you

* Mr. Worrall was a clergyman, a master of arts, a reader and vicar of St. Patrick's cathedral, and a master of the song. He was a man of Swift's own standing in the college; a good walker, a man of sense, and a great deal of humour; all which ingratiated him much with the dean; who dined with him whenever he thought proper, at a certain rate, inviting as many friends as he pleased at the same time. Mr. Worrall, by his last will, bequeathed to Trinity College, Dublin, 100*l.* per annum, to be yearly distributed among poor scholars educated in that city; and many thousand pounds more to be disposed of to public charities, at the discretion of his executors (the dean of St. Patrick's and others) 500*l.* of which was appropriated to the dean's hospital, beside the profit of a lease for ninety years of land at Kilmainham near the said hospital, held under the minor canons of St. Patrick's, of which corporation he had been a member from the year 1688. N.

† His housekeeper. H.

to add, "for Lord Bolingbroke:" but there is nothing in that; for I wrote to the Earl of Berkeley, to give him notice. But Mr. Gavan, who married the daughter of Mrs. Kenna, who keeps the inn at Chester, hath just sent me a letter, informing me that the usquebaugh came to Park Gate, within seven miles of Chester; and that Mr. Whittle, the owner of the ship, was to deliver it himself; but he sent it by a man of a noted bad character, who, as Mrs. Kenna supposes, kept it some time, and opened it before he delivered it; for, immediately upon the delivery of it, Mrs. Kenna sent to Park Gate, to have the usquebaugh brought up to Chester; but was told that the fellow had brought it away; that he said, he sent it as directed: but that no doubt he must have some view of paying himself for the trouble, which made him so busy; but whether it was by changing the usquebaugh, or over-rating the charges of it, Mr. Gavan could not tell; but adds, that if I should hear of any thing amiss, I should write to Mrs. Kenna, his mother, who will endeavour to make the fellow do me justice. All this I have transcribed from Mr. Gavan's letter: and I desire you will call upon her father, Mr. Luke Gavan, (who is a known man in Dublin,) and desire him when he writes to his son to give my service to him and Mrs. Kenna, and let them know I will do as they direct. I am very unfortunate in this affair; but have no remedy: however I will write to Lord Bolingbroke, though I fear I am cheated of it all; for I do not find that the fellow demanded any thing from Mrs. Kenna, or come to her at all Your new fancies of making my riding gown and cassock (I mean Mrs. Brent's fancies) do not please me at all, because they differ so much from my old one. You are a bad packer of bad grapes. Mrs. Dingley says, she cannot persuade Mrs. Brent to take a vomit. Is she not (do not tell her) an old

fool? She has made me take many a one without mercy. Pray give Mrs. Worrall a thousand thanks from me for her kind present and workmanship of her fairest hands in making me two nightcaps.

We have a design upon Sheridan. He sent us in print a ballad upon Ballyspellin, in which he has employed all the rhymes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad and Ballyspellin too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published.*

Your periwig-maker is a cursed rogue. The wig he gave you is an old one with a new cawl, and so big that I cannot wear it, and the curls all fallen; I just tried it on my head, but I cannot wear it.

I am ever yours, &c.

FROM MR. POPE.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you, with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power toward the bearer of your letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you, with

* Both these poems will be found in vol. xi. N.

which (after all) I set down a gainer, since, to my great pleasure, it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions, and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together; not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities (such as, perhaps, at one time of life or other, take their tour in every man) but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your travels* I hear much of; my own I promise you shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful investigation† of my own territories.‡ I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old, as yourself; you will be pleased with one another I will engage, though you do not hear one another: you will converse, like spirits, by intuition. What you will most wonder at is, she is considerable at court, yet no party woman; and lives in court, yet would be easy and make you easy.

One of those you mention (and I dare say always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. What-

* Gulliver. N.

† The Essay on Man. N.

‡ This is the first notice he gives Swift of his great work, and is so obscure here, that Swift certainly could not guess at the subject; written 1725. Dr. Warton.

ever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life is, the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you he would give you (if he could) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may, by that means, hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Sept. 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the grande monde, for fear of burying my parts, to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in, relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern.* I have employed my time (beside ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels,† in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press, when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions, but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is, to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design, without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading.

* The liberties of St. Patrick's Cathedral. N.

† Gulliver's Travels. N.

I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more, at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is toward individuals: for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love counsellor such a one, and judge such a one: It is so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man;* although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell) and I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials toward a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it would be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyssey was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less, from the mixture you mention of other

* A sentiment that dishonoured him as a man, a christian, and a philosopher; as indeed did his conduct toward Miss Vanhomrigh, and his cruelty toward Mrs. Johnson, which cannot be palliated. Dr. Warton.

hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery. I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*.

I have almost done with harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party woman, I take to be mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court lady, but then she is a most damnable party woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardiness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. O, if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnot's in it, I would burn my travels? but, however, he is not without fault: there is a passage in Bede highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but alas, he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent christian, though not a catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a lord lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as Lord Leicester called those sorts of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, has imitated his manner in a poem to the same miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret that complainers never succeed at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left, (of which he has not been thrifty) but I wonder he has no more discretion.

FROM MR. POPE.

Oct. 15, 1723.

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming toward us, and you incline more and more to your old friends in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our vortex. Here is one,* who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experi-

* Lord Bolingbroke N.

ence of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again than that of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despised, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal. I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason: if they do not promote him, they will spoil the conclusion of one of my satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus:

But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
In George's reign these fruitless lines were writ,
When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for wit!

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of tories are by whigs, and generally by tories too. Because he had humour he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift, in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole trust at court in that lady* whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature

* Mrs. Howard. N.

of fancy: I wish she really were riches for his sake; though as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall. I wish he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind, since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being: *paulo minus ab angelis.* I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millenium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them eat your book, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I would not tell you what designs* I have in my head (beside writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's† principles) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though

* This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthropy in the former letter; and which he supposed might be chiefly occasioned by the dean's fondness for Rochefoucault, whose *Maxims* are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature. Dr. Warton.

† "Who is the great philosopher," says Addison, "for administering of wise potions to the idle, the curious, and the worthless part of mankind." Dr. Warton.

I have not lost my ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addressed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; it is a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (such a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu. What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkeley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health; Duke Disney so also; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurst well..... These, and some others, preserve their ancient honour, and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d——d, what is it to a protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a papist, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad a one as yours, and hated by all bad people, from Hopkins and Sternhold, to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the christian to them, with proper definitions of each in this manner:

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The christian is an infidel
That sitteth in a pew.

TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder and the relics of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because, if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wish he was banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth; which I immediately acknowledged, but before my letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea; I hope I was more afflicted than his lordship. It is hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could do it with safety. I wish

there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P * * is *fort chancelant* whether he shall turn parson or not. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgment, that a fine gentleman, and so much a finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman usher, yet serves in both capacities. He has published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his lordship. We have had a poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret; it is on Miss Harvey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies. You might have spared me a few more lines of your satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of milleniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f—ty-eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably.) I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with ——— than I was with

the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him :* however, I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations. Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame,† it is a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and I will write again without concerning myself whether you write or not.

I am, &c.

FROM MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dec. 10, 1725.

I FIND myself the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction; Absence does but hold off a friend, to make one see him more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you

* This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart.
WARBURTON.

† "I desire fame," says a certain philosopher; "let this occur if I act well, I shall have the esteem of all my acquaintance; and what is all the rest to me?". DR. WARTON.

seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandised by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the notion that all scribblers should be past by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by showing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius,* that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I do not know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an hospital in which to lodge the despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelsea, with maimed soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those that out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the great, my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a pisspot,† than by a thun-

* Or Pope with Tibbald, Concanen, Smedley, &c.

Dr. Warton.

† Here is one of those vulgar and disgusting images, on which our author too much delighted to dwell. Dr. Delany, from his partiality to Swift, is of opinion that the Dean caught his love of gross and filthy objects from Pope. The contrary seems to be the fact. One

der bolt. As to great oppressors, they are like kites or eagles, one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherly said to me on his deathbed) by apothecaries' apprentices, by the under-strappers of under secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph—s himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L—— thinks all this indiscreet: the Doctor not so; he loves mischief the best of any good natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a divine. Gay is writing tales for Prince William; I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons: one, that he thinks all childish things belong to him; and the other, because he will take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it; none more, be assured, than

Yours, &c.

P. S. Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philosophers; if you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect,*

would think this love contagious; see two passages in the "View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy," Letter II. Dr. Warton.

* Very different is the opinion that Lord Shaftsbury has given of Seneca, the person here alluded to: "'Tis not," says he finely, "the person, character, or genius, but the stile and manner of this great man, which we presume to censure. We acknowledge his noble sentiments and worthy actions: we own the patriot and good minister; but we reject the writer. Where an universal monarchy was

that noble original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble, was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world has used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis*, instead of the common one *animal rationale*, will not bear examination; define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio* and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a visit, and I will subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again: but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, &c.

BOLINGBROKE.

actually established, and the interest of a whole world concerned; he surely must have been esteemed a guardian angel, who, as a prime minister, could, for several years, turn the very worst of courts, and worst-conditioned of all princes, to the fatherly care and just government of mankind. Such a minister was Seneca, under an Agrippina and a Nero." Characteristics, vol. iii. p. 23. DR. WARTON.

TO MR. POPE.

London, Aug. 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner: for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your saint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pothook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen, farther than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you: this I intend in return to your kindness; and farther, I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart)

Entirely yours.

FROM MR. POPE.

Aug. 22, 1726.

MANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home, found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off, one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man: you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Beside my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent: I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you

have there, in the state you wish him or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too: and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did; for at this rate I may say

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the deanery of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarum pateras, &c.* Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I will add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

FROM THE SAME.

Sept. 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (though that gave me a great deal) for, to

hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it; otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us; he said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny: but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved; but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I—plain truth, did they know either it or you. I cannot help thinking, (when I consider the whole short list of our friends,) that none of them except you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, one loses his time; another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One lady you like has too much of France* to be fit for Wales: Another† is too much a subject to princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she‡ that leads him, too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great a husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet it is fit, for

* Lady Bolingbroke was a French lady. N.

† Mrs. Howard. N.

‡ The Duchess of Marlborough. N.

its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps it is a mistake; but however there is something in it generous. Mr. Pulteney takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he has only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power than out.

To show you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence: "Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: yet to me, those that are in, shall be as those that are out; and those that are out, shall be as those that are in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are, or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

Tu mihi, magni superas dum saxa Timavi,
*Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris.**——

I am, and ever shall be,
Yours, &c.

* Whether Timavus or the Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast.

FROM THE SAME.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I HAVE resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other,* like useless dependants, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophecy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a-night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book; some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them) so that you needed not to have been so secret up-

* This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot, which, in passing through a river, the bridge being broke down, was overturned. The glasses being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning, when the footman who had just recovered himself, beat the glass which lay uppermost to pieces, a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very dangerously. Dr. WARTON.

on this head. Motte* received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach; by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the princess. The Irish stuff† you sent to Mrs. Howard, her royal highness laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? you are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you—you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me was what you say of Mr. Pulteney, by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.‡

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs: let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write

* An eminent bookseller, publisher of the Travels. N.

† The Dean at this time courted the princess, and was in hopes of getting his Irish deanery changed for some preferment in England. But the ministry were afraid to bring him on this side the water. Sir Robert Walpole dreaded his abilities. N.

‡ "To follow any party leader's call." S.

about politics at all, (but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way) surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow; no man is more affectionate toward you. Do not fancy none but tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called Gulliver's Travels, of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered,* and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors† least, others you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and

* This was the fact, which is complained of in the Dublin edition of the Dean's works, and is rectified in all the subsequent editions. N.

† Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society. WARBURTON.

opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time, I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office, it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man: and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour as a point of merit: so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows, the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly.

Adieu.

TO THE SAME.

Dec. 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor foxhunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present; which when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr. Pulteney. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not three pence whether a prince or minister will see us or not; we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses,* I most earnestly entreat you to burn those which you do not approve;

* A just character of Swift's poetry, as well as his prose, is, that it "consists of proper words in proper places." Johnson said once to me, speaking of the simplicity of Swift's style, "the rogue never hazards a figure." DR. WARTON.

and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind as to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you please I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to choose the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy as to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I entreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a ninepenny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *mira poemata!* the most solemn that were ever seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine, but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I, who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, dissentis.*

Yours, &c.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR, *Market-Hill,** *Nov.* 16, 1728.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind intention in the purchase you mention; but it will not answer my design, because these lands are let in leases renewable forever,† and consequently can never have the rent raised; which is mortal to all estates left forever to a public use, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and most corporations feel the smart of it.

I have been here several months, to amuse me in my disorders of giddiness and deafness, of which I have frequent returns; and I shall hardly return to Dublin till Christmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loss.‡ Such misfortunes seem to break the whole scheme of man's life;§ and although time may lessen sorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of so near a companion,

* The seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the dean passed two summers. He had a farm near it, which was let to him by Sir Arthur, and afterwards called Drapier's hill, apparently from the poem, while Swift tenanted it. F.

† Accordingly, in his will, by which he devised his fortune to the building and endowing of an hospital for lunatics, he restrained his executors from purchasing any lands that "were encumbered with leases for lives renewable." F.

‡ The death of Mrs. Wallis. F.

§ Mr. Pope has so poetically expressed this idea, that I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it: "I am sensibly obliged to you, in the comfort you endeavour to give me upon the loss of a friend. It is like the shower we have had this morning, that just makes the drooping trees hold up their heads, but they remain checked and withered at the root: the benediction is but a short relief, though it comes from heaven itself. The loss of a friend is the loss of life; after that is gone from us, it is all but a gentle decay, and wasting and lingering a little longer." Letters to a Lady, p. 23. N.

nor hardly supply it with another.* I wish you health and happiness, and that the pledge† left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great sincerity, your most obliged and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *London, Dec.* 2, 1728.

I THINK this is my fourth letter, I am sure it is the third, without any answer. If I had any assurance of your health, I should have been more easy. I should have writ to you upon this subject above a month ago, had it not been for a report that you were upon the road in your way to England: which I fear now was without foundation. Your money, with part of my own, is still in the hands of Lord Bathurst, which I believe he will keep no longer, but repay upon his coming to town; when I will endeavour to dispose of it as I do of my own, unless I receive your orders to the contrary. Lord and Lady Bolingbroke are in town: she has been lately very ill, but is now somewhat better. I have had a severe attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr. Arbuthnot, has, I hope, almost left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed, so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business; that is, the care of the second part of the Beggar's Opera, which was almost ready for rehearsal; but Rich received the Duke of Grafton's commands (upon an information, that he was rehearsing a play improper to be re-

* This sentiment, no doubt, came from the writer's heart. Stella, the incomparable Stella, was then no more! N.

† A son, afterwards a barrister at law. F.

presented) not to rehearse any new play whatever, till his grace has seen it. What will become of it I know not: but I am sure I have written nothing that can be legally suppressed, unless the setting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months this year at the Bath with the Duchess of Marlborough; and then, in the view of taking care of myself, writ this piece. If it goes on, in case of success, I have taken care to make better bargains for myself: I tell you this, because I know you are so good as to interest yourself so warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I saw Mr. Pope on Friday, who, as to his health, is just as you left him. His mother, by his account, is much the same. Mr. Lewis, who is very much your servant (as are all I have mentioned) tells me, farther time is still desired of him about the hundred pounds. Dr. Arbuthnot particularly desires his compliments; and Mrs. Howard often asks after you. Prince Frederick is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wish I could meet with you either abroad, or at home.

* DR. SHERIDAN TO LORD MONTCASHEL.

MY LORD, *Dec.* 1, 1728.

I DEDICATE to you this edition and translation of Persius,† as an acknowledgmet for the great pleasure you gave me in the first part of your education, which,

* Of whom see hereafter, p. 243. N.

† A literal translation in prose, published at Dublin, by G. Grierson, 1728, 12mo. N.

by your own application and goodness of temper, was attended with a success equal to my wishes.

And since you still proceed in the same paths of diligence and virtue in the University, where you have already distinguished yourself in a very short time, it lays a farther obligation upon me, to return you my thanks in this public manner, for having so faithfully regarded the last advice, which I gave you.

When I hear from your governors, with what respect and deference you treat them! how cheerful you are in your obedience to their commands! that you are constant in all duties enjoined you by the statutes, (too much hitherto neglected by those of your quality;) that you are regular in your life; decent in your behaviour; good-natured and civil to your companions, whom you have prudently chosen from among the best; that you are diligent in your studies; with many other additions to your character, which very much redound to your honour; I then return my thanks to God, and think all my labour on your account rewarded in the noblest and the best manner.

You are now in a situation of taking two the most delightful prospects, that a generous mind can have. First, you can look back upon a good and honourable reputation, left behind you among your school-fellows. You can behold that ardent emulation in most of them, which you kindled in their breasts by your example; and thus you see yourself a blessed instrument of bringing others into the road of honour and virtue, which you naturally followed upon the first direction. The next prospect is, that you are now placed on a more public stage, among the hopefullest young gentlemen of this kingdom, who are already so far influenced by your example, that they rather seem willing to contend with you in the race, than to follow; and this by your own

encouragement. Consider, my Lord, the good you now do, is not confined to the present age; but those to come shall show the effects of your virtue, and posterity shall bless you for giving an advantage to them, which they can only requite by the greatest esteem they will preserve for your memory.

I shall make you no compliments upon your birth or title, for which you and your school-fellows will witness for me, that I never did once either distinguish or spare you while you were under my care. Neither shall I ever allow you any merit from the mere advantages of fortune. Besides, I always observed you much more fond of the genealogies of the Greek and Roman heroes, than of your own. There you found so many wonderful examples of piety, wisdom, justice, fortitude, love to their country, faithfulness to their friends, every action great, noble, and truly humane, that it is not to be wondered your character exceeds your years, when you endeavoured to borrow most of it from them; for which every wise man will acquit you, since there are so few examples in the present world, that will deserve your imitation. But, the great characters of antiquity are such, as you may safely follow in every thing that is great and good. And although it hath been your misfortune to live in a country, not the most inviting scene to employ those talents, which God hath given you, and which your own good disposition, added to the care of your instructors, is so likely to improve; yet let not that be a discouragement from persevering to qualify yourself, for appearing one day, where you can shine to more advantage.

But my zeal for your happiness makes me forget that you are now under governors much fitter to direct you in your future conduct. I shall therefore only join with them in my good wishes for a blessing on their labours.

"Si agricolam arbor ad fructum perducta delectat; si pastor ex fœtu gregis sui capit voluptatem; si alumnum suum nemo aliter intuetur quam ut adolescentiam illius suam judicet, quid evenire credis his qui ingenia educaverunt, et qui tenera formaverunt, adulta subito vident? Assero te mihi. Meum opus es."* My case, my Lord, is the very same. You are a plant of my own rearing; and although you be now removed to another soil, the same delight, which I conceived at your prosperous growth, makes me earnest in my expectations to see the fruit. May you never disappoint our hopes, but become a true son of the church, a loyal subject to your prince, a faithful friend to your country, and an honour to the age you live in! May all happiness and success attend you, to the last period of your life! I am,

My Lord,

With true respect, esteem, and affection,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Market-hill, Jan. 4, 1728-9.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy; but, however, I would certainly come to town, not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I would rather be at home. But it is now Saturday night, and that beast Sheridan is not yet come, although it has been thawing since Monday. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

* Seneca, Ep. 34.

TO THE SAME.

Market-hill, Jan. 13, 1728-9.

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done, if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness; both my disorders still continue; however, I desire that Mrs. Brent may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind as to speak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafness is not so extreme as you have known, when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. Worrall.*

I send you enclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an Intelligencer;† I desire you will enclose it in a letter to Mrs. Harding, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to show it to the author of the Intelligencer, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded on a report, and if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not: and therefore the Intelligencer must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next Intelligencer.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. Harding, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the Intelligencer himself may look over it, for that every body

* Mrs. Worrall had a strong clear voice, a quality for which, as appears by this letter, Swift much esteemed her; she had also both taste and skill in housekeeping, took care to have his table served in the manner that he best liked. N.

† A weekly paper, by Drs. Swift, Sheridan, Helsham, &c. which were afterward reprinted in one volume 8vo. N.

who reads those papers, are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers.

I am yours,

J. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

Market-hill, Jan. 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE yours of the 14th instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was enclosed a paper for the Intelligencer, which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather; these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues. We have been told my Lord Mountcashel* is dead at Drogheda, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago, which cost me six shillings and four pence; it consisted of the probate of a will in Leicestershire, and of two enclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was

* Edward Davis, Lord Viscount Mountcashel, dying a bachelor in July, 1736, the title became extinct. Margaret, his sister and heir, was married to James Barry, Viscount Butteuant, eldest son of the Earl of Barrymore, who succeeded to his father's title in December, 1751. The title of Viscount Mountcashel, was revived in 1766 in the person of Stephen Moore, Esq. whose son Stephen, is now Earl Mountcashel. N.

afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to London, she married an innkeeper in Loughborough, in that county, by whom she had several children. The old mother died, and left all that she had to her daughter aforesaid, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, Anne by name. This Anne, for it must be she, about seven years ago writ to me from London, to tell me she was daughter of Betty Jones,* for that was my mistress's name, till she was married to one Perkins, innkeeper, at the George in Loughborough, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an Irishman, who pretended to be barrack-master general of Ireland, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother, Betty Jones, alias Perkins, to inquire about this Irishman. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this Betty Jones, alias Perkins, to let me know, that her daughter, Anne Giles, married an Irishman, one Giles, and was now come over to Ireland to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get; that the young widow (for her husband Giles is dead) has a mind to settle in Ireland, and to desire I would lend her daughter Giles three guineas, which

* The name of the lady whom he was then supposed to court (as we learn from himself) was Betty Jones, afterwards married to Mr. Perkins, an inkeeper at Loughborough. A daughter of this Mrs. Perkins, in January 1728-9, having been left a widow by one Giles an Irishman, who pretended to be barrack-master general of Ireland, applied to the dean for advice and assistance, on the score of his former friendship for her mother and grandmother, the latter of whom was related to Dr. Swift's family. The young woman having brought with her some letters from her mother; the dean tells Mr. Worrall, he was ready to sacrifice five pounds, an old acquaintance, to help the woman; though he suspected her mother's letters to be counterfeit, as he remembered she spelt like a kitchen-maid." N.

her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in England, and Mrs. Giles writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. Brent, (whose name she has learned) and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would, from me, make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She has sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and four pence. But I am in much doubt; for by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left Betty Jones, alias Perkins, the mother of this woman in Dublin, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to Ireland, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in some way. The woman's name is Anne Giles, she lodges at one Mrs. Wilmot's, the first house in Molesworth court, on the right hand, in Fishamble-street. I have told you this long story, to desire you will send for the woman, this Anne Giles, and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of Elizabeth Jones, alias Perkins, or not; and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to Ireland. The errand is so romantic, that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman; I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen-maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr. Motte, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. Hyde;* there are some accounts between

* Mr. John Hyde, an eminent bookseller of Dublin, of fair good character. F.

them, and Hyde is in his debt. He has desired me to speak to Mr. Hyde's executors to state the account, that Mr. Motte may be in the way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. Hyde's house, and inquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. Motte is to be paid. I suppose Mr. Hyde died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I enclose a letter to Mr. Motte, which you will be so kind to send to the post-office.

I desire, likewise, that you will make Mrs. Brent buy a bottle of usquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir Arthur Acheson's house in Capel-street, and desire her to deliver it to Captain Creichton,* who lodges at the Pied Horse, in Capel-street, and is to bring down other things to my Lady Acheson.

My most humble service to Mrs. Worrall, Mrs. Dingley, and love to Mrs. Brent.

I wish you all a happy new year.

TO MR. POPE.

SIR, *March* 6, 1728-9.

If I am not a good correspondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I passed eight months in the country, with Sir Arthur and my Lady Acheson, and had at least half a dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks apiece; and, among other inconveniencies, hindered me from visiting my chapter, and punishing enormities; but did not save me the charges of a visitation dinner. This disorder nei-

* Whose Memoirs are printed in the fourteenth volume. N.

ther hinders my sleeping, nor much my walking; yet is the most mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight: and, when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: but I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr. Whaley;* but, I hope, you remembered, that Daniel† is a damnable poet, and consequently a public enemy to mankind. But I despise the lords decree, which is a jest upon common sense: for what did it signify to the merits of the cause

* Mr. Nathaniel Whaley; who had a writ of error depending in the house of lords, on a judgment which had been given in the court of king's bench in England, reversing a judgment of the court of king's bench in Ireland, in a cause wherein the archbishop of Armagh and Mr. Whaley were plaintiffs, and the king defendant. A doubt arising whether the writ was not abated, having been taken out in the lifetime of King George I. but not returnable till after that king's death; their lordships determined that it was abated, and therefore reversed the judgment, Feb. 26, 1728-9. The following year, however, another writ of error was in like manner brought, wherein his majesty, King George II. was made defendant; which was heard April 30, 1730, and determined likewise in favour of the archbishop and Mr. Whaley: very highly to Dean Swift's satisfaction; who had applied to his friends on this occasion, as appears by the Earl of Oxford's letter, March 4, 1729-30, printed in this volume: who tells the dean, "I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. Whaley all the little service I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after Easter: he seems to be in great hopes; I wish they may be well founded." On the 15th of July following, his lordship writes, "I suppose Master Whaley is by this time got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords, both spiritual and temporal." N.

† Richard Daniel, dean of Armagh; who, Feb. 9, 1729-30, petitioned the house of lords for a speedy hearing of the archbishop's cause; alleging, "he had been detained in England seventeen months to attend its issue." N.

whether George the old, or the young, were on the throne?

No: I intended to pass last winter in England, but my health said no: and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring: if not, pray God you may never be in jest! Dr. Delany shall attend you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cider in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And, when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say, "I am to blame, if I refuse the opportunity of going with my Lady Bolingbroke to Aix la Chapelle." I must tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. Gay is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances; and, I think, he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his opera* before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to eight hundred pounds. And yet, I believe, he lost as much more, for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago, that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived,

* The second part of the Beggar's Opera. N.

and upon myself; but they never went farther: and my Lady Acheson made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shown to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot, but am sure it was bad or indifferent; and as to the Lady at Quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses, called, "The Journal of a Dublin Lady," which I writ at Sir Arthur Acheson's; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which Doctor Sheridan had engaged in, called "The Intelligencer," of which he made but sorry work, and then dropped it.* But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very *médiocre* in themselves; but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family jest. I do sincerely assure you, that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons which time has shown, and will show more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I gave my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am

* See vol. VIII. N.

well. But, on Sunday evenings, it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray, come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies; and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle,* says, "she will be your nurse;" and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees: although, I believe you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them, to make them proud. Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unlucky at every thing I send to England. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Lord Masham, and his lady my dear friend, and Mr. Pulteney, and the doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our sickly friend Gay, and my Lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty,† who I hope will learn to love the world less, before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my Lord Peterborow being ill. I am exceedingly his servant; and pray God recover his health! As for your courtier Mrs. Howard, and her mistress, I have nothing to say, but that they have neither memory nor manners: else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised above two years ago: but, since I made them a present,‡ it would be mean to remind them. I am told, poor Mrs. Pope is ill. Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend.

This letter is in answer to Mr. Ford, whose hand I mistook for yours, having not heard from him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to stare; and it must not be lost, for it talks to you only.

* See in Vol. X. a poem on Stella's birth-day, 1722-3. N.

† Mrs. Martha Blount. N.

‡ Of some Irish plaids; see Mrs. Howard's Letter, Nov. 8, 1728. N.

Again, forgive my blunders; for, reading the letter by candlelight, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. Ford, I thought it must be yours, because it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whaley, and Lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it must be yours; so all the answering part must go for nothing.

FROM FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, ESQ.

SIR, *March* 10, 1728-9.

YOUR time is precious, your curiosity not very small, my esteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on Monday, (viz.) that is to say. the 10th of this instant March, 1728, his excellency Thomas Wyndham, Esq. lord high chancellor of Ireland, pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the assistance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of Stewart v. Stewart, on A. Powel, to this effect:—He said there was a full consent till such time as the draught of the settlement was sent down to Mrs. Stewart, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she had considered it, she shall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all restrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, especially after the age of one-and-twenty; therefore marry they may, and let Mr. Nutley* be a lawyer for Mrs. Rebecca Stewart, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement for her advantage, and let Powel choose another lawyer for himself; though by the by, Mr. Nut-

* Mr. Nutley had been a judge in Queen Anne's time. D. S.

ley would serve for both; and it is not necessary to inquire what Powel makes by his practice, although he assured the mother it amounted to one thousand four hundred pounds *per annum*.

> "Ovid, 'tis true, successfully imparts
> The rules to steal deluded virgins' hearts;
> But O! ye fair ones, pious Nutley's skill
> Instructs you to elude, by magic bill,
> The laws of God, and gratify your will."

You will, I hope, excuse this liberty in one, who, to resent the indignity offered to you by Ram's coachman,* made him drunk soon after at Gory; which so incensed the aforesaid Ram, that he discharged him his service, and he is now so reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, "Ha' you any dirt to carry out?" I am, sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

FROM WILLIAM FLOWER, ESQ.†

SIR, *Ashbrook, March* 18, 1728-9.

As I have been honoured with some of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my sorrow not intimately so, I trust you will pardon this presumption. Perhaps you may be at a loss to guess what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as several little accidents make indelible impressions upon the minds of schoolboys, near thirty years ago, when I

* See the Intelligencer, No. 2. D. S.

† Created Lord Castledurrow, Oct. 27, 1739. N.

was one, I remember I was committed to your care from Sheene to London: we took water at Mortlake, the commander of the little skiff was very drunk and insolent, put us ashore at Hammersmith, yet insisted, with very abusive language, on his fare, which you courageously refused; the mob gathered; I expected to see your gown stripped off, and for want of a blanket, to take a flight with you in it, but

Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexêre, silent, arrectisque auribus astant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

Virg. Æn. I. 155.

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood.

DRYDEN.

By your powerful eloquence you saved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old story, which persuades me to write. A friend from Dublin lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, entitled, "The Intelligencer," it is number 20, a posthumous work of Nestor Ironside; a correspondent mentioning these papers in a letter, raising my curiosity, with the specimen I had of them, to read the rest. For my part, I have buried myself in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from newspapers; you, who live so much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am satisfied are acquainted with the Intelligencer. I wish his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miseries of the North, as represented, demand the utmost compassion, and must soften the malice of the most bitter enemy. I hope they, whose interest it is, if they rightly considered it, to relieve those miserable wretches, will redress so public a calamity; to which, if, as I have heard, some of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed, they deserve as great censure as a certain dean, who lends several sums without interest to his poor parishioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be sure, have crept in, and are of that sacred and learned order; the blackest of crimes, forgery, treason, and blasphemy, recently prove this: such should be spewed out of it with utmost contempt, and punished according to their demerit with severe justice. If this allegation be true, I hope to see them censured by the Intelligencer, and recommend to him the words of Jeremiah to expatiate upon, chap. x. ver. 21, chap. xii. ver. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow, his printer,* is in danger of punishment; she suffered very cruelly for the Drapier's works; I hope several contributed to ease her misfortunes on that occasion; I confess I am sorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I shall by the first safe hand send one; in return I expect the Drapier's works entire.

I am sorry that for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the English of

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo.

Not having Creech's Horace, a gentleman prevailed on

* Mrs. Harding. D. S.

me to attempt translating it in a couple of distichs; the science, which the compound English and Greek word signifies, little concerns a widower; but I should be glad to see it improved by good proficients in the Ionic jig. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a passage on the Thames. My younger uncle, the grave Mr. Flower, his wife and mine, and Parson Dingle, one day made the tour of the city: we saw Bedlam, the lions, and what not; and finished with a view of that noble engine under London Bridge: then we took water for Whitehall; rowed very silently to opposite the glasshouse, where a dyer, his boat at anchor, was angling; poor Jack unfortunately asked, addressing himself to our waterman, What that man was fishing for? The wag answered very brisk, For ——, master, will you buy any? You are a man of too much humour not to be pleased with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am sure need not describe the scene to you. He is since called in our family by the name of Jack Fisher.

FROM MR. GAY.*

From the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, March 18, 1728-9.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE writ to you several times; and having heard nothing from you, makes me fear my letters are miscarried. Mr. Pope's letter has taken off my concern in some degree; but I hope good weather will entirely re-establish you in your health. I am but just recovered

* Endorsed, "See the duchess's answer to the royal message." N.

from the severest fit of sickness that ever any body had who escaped death. I was several times given up by the physicians, and every body that attended me; and upon my recovery, was judged to be in so ill a condition, that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life; but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers that attacked me, which were, at the same time, fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the Duke of Queensberry's house, and have been so ever since I left Hampstead; where I was carried at a time that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you, (because I know it will please you) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry; who, if I had been their nearest relation and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then; and they continue the same to me now.

You must undoubtedly have heard, that the duchess took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cause of my play, and that she has been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune, by the publication of it without being acted. The duke too has given up his employment (which he would have done if the duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the ministers; but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words, and basses, engraved on thirty-one copperplates, which, by my friends' assistance, has a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The Duchess of Marlborough has given me a hundred pounds for one copy; and others have contributed very

handsomely; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in England. Mr. Pulteney tells me I have got the start of him. Mr. Pope tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you: but, I believe I shall not be able to complete the work till the latter end of the next week. Your money is still in Lord Bathurst's hands; but, I believe, I shall receive it soon: I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength; and I cannot leave my work till it is finished. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining room, with sheets all around it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expense, in quarto, which is to be sold for six shillings, with the music. You see I do not want industry; and I hope you will allow, that I have not the worst economy. Mrs. Howard has declared herself strongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The Duchess of Queensberry is allowed to have shown more spirit, more honour, and more goodness, than was thought possible in our times; I should have added too, more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increases by oppression. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated even by ministers of state, and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of England take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the

best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I should write too much for you, and for myself. I have not writ so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr. Arbuthnot's attendance and care of me showed him the best of friends. Dr. Hollings, though entirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney were greatly concerned for me, visited me, and showed me the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you I will tell you of others, as of Mr. Pope, Mrs. Blount, Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson, Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, &c. I think they are all your friends and well-wishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. Lewis, nor Lord Bathurst, Sir William Wyndham, and Lord Gower, and Lord Oxford among the number.

My service to Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford.

TO MR. GAY.*

Dublin, March 19, 1728-9.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without

* Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensberry and Mr. Pope. P.

thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her grace that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my whig subjects. I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the interest money in a bag wrapped up by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune has pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who, by their inclinations, ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have some little economy of your own in town and country, and be able to give your friend a pint of port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vamped play, although Mr. Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good: but you should have done like the parsons, and changed your text, I mean your title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100*l.* a year more for horses; I ride and walk whenever good weather invites me, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope. I wish you had a little village in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, March 19, 1728-9.

THIS is the second or third time, dear sir, that I have writ to you without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; sometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman who carries this has come better off than I did imagine; I used my little interest as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter. John Gay, I may say with vanity, owes his life, under God, to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant: for a physician who had not been passionately his friend could not have saved him. I had, beside my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public person, a little Sacheverell; and I took the same pleasure in saving him as Radcliffe did in preserving my Lord Chief Justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive John Gay is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of ministers, the chief author of the Craftsman, and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being chassée likewise; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient circumcelliones in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about

the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him: since he became so conspicuous, Will Pulteney hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play: but, I really believe, he would get more by showing his person: and I can assure you, this is the very identical John Gay, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish I had your assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you, it rises to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. Pope is as high in favour as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his Dunciad, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter; and now I know it, I am called away, and obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

FROM A QUAKER IN PHILADELPHIA.

Chilad, March 29, 1729.

FRIEND JONATHAN SWIFT,

HAVING been often agreeably amused by thy Tale, &c. &c. and being now loading a small ship for Dublin, I have sent thee a gammon, the product of the wilds of America; which perhaps may not be unacceptable at thy table, since it is only designed to let thee know that thy wit and parts are here in esteem at this dis-

tance from the place of thy residence.* Thou needest ask no questions who this comes from, since I am a perfect stranger to thee.

FROM LADY JOHNSON.†

[*March* 30, 1729.]

TO THE REV. THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICKS.

HOND SR

I AM a Huckster and Lives in Strand Street & has Dealings with Several familys, a saterday Night a Case of Instruments‡ was sent me in pawn by a Certain person in Marys Street, for two Rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins of strong Watters, My foster brother who ply's about that End of the town tells Me, he wanst saw it in your hand, fearing Hawkins's§ whip I send it to you, and will take an Other Course to gett My Money, so I Remain your Honrs

Humble Sarvt to Command

ye 30 MARTHA SHARP.

* This is not the only proof of the dean's fame having early extended to the American continent. May 20, 1728, he tells Mr. Pope, "I have with great pleasure seen the New-England newspaper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver. And I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver, who had a cause there, and lost it on the ill reputation of being a liar." N.

† Thus endorsed by Dr. Swift: "The best letter I ever read." D. S.

‡ It is not unlikely this was a present of a case of instruments from Lady Johnson to the doctor. D. S.

§ Hawkins was keeper of Newgate. D. S.

FROM THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

SIR, *London, April* 10, 1729.

ONE of the greatest pleasures I proposed to myself in a journey to England, was that of seeing you at London; and it is a very sensible mortification to me to find myself disappointed in so agreeable an expectation. It is now many years since I had the highest esteem of your genius and writings; and when I was very young, I found in some of them certain ideas, that prepared me for relishing those principles of universal religion, which I have since endeavoured to unfold in Cyrus. I could not let our common friend Mr. Leslie* go back to Ireland, without seizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have shown to make my work esteemed. Such marks of friendship do me a great deal of honour as well as pleasure, and I hope I have a thorough sense of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publish a new edition by subscription. I have given a hundred copies of the proposals to our friend, and flatter myself, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendship. I am, with great respect, sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

A. RAMSAY.

* Son of the Reverend Doctor Charles Leslie, the famous nonjuror. H.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 8, 1729.

I HAVE writ three times to Mr. Dean of St. Patrick's, without receiving so much as an acknowledgment of the receipt of my letters. At the same time, I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I should hardly have brought myself to have written this, were it not to serve you and a friend at the same time.

I recommended one Mr. Mason, son of Mason, gentleman of the queen's chapel, a barytone voice, for the vacancy of a singer in your cathedral. This letter was writ from Bath last September. The same Mason* informs me, that there is another vacancy: therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better: he has a pleasant mellow voice, and has sung several times in the king's chapel this winter, to the satisfaction of the audience. I beg at least your answer to this. Your friends in town, such as I know, are well. Mr. Pope is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. Gay is gone to Scotland with the Duke of Queensberry. He has about twenty lawsuits with booksellers for pirating his book. The king goes soon to Hanover. These are all the news I know. I hope you do not imagine I am so little concerned about your health, as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother Robin is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This with my best wishes and respects, from, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

* This gentleman was provided for by Dr. Swift. N.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *London, June* 9, 1729.

THIS is given you by Mr. Mason, whom I believe you will find answer the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been inquiring about a counter-tenor; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of Ireland. It is not quite so bad here, but really bad enough; at the same time, we are told, that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends, whom you mention in yours, are well. Mr. Gay is returned from Scotland, and has recovered his strength by his journey. Mr. Pope is well; he had got an injunction in chancery against the printers, who had pirated his Dunciad: it was dissolved again, because the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. Gay's case; for he has owned his book. Mr. Pulteney gives you his service. They are all better than myself; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in my heart, that I am likely to expire sometimes. We have no news, that I know of. I am apt to believe, that in a little time, this matter of the provisional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble you no more at present, but remain with my best wishes, and

most sincere affection, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

My family all send you their love and service.

FROM LADY CATHARINE JONES.*

SIR, *Chelsea, June* 11, 1729.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter the 22d of May, and own my obligation to Mr. Dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's monument† in the cathedral church of St. Patrick.

Mr. French, the present receiver of my father's estate, will be, some time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair; in which, when he has informed me of the expense, I shall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the desire of the dean and chapter, as well as the duty due to the memory of my grandfather, without adding farther trouble to Mr. Dean, from his most humble and obedient servant,

CATHARINE JONES.

* Daughter of Richard, Earl of Ranelagh. N.

† A monument erected to the memory of Archbishop Jones, and his son, Lord Viscount Ranelagh; of whom see January 8, 1711-12. It was then in a ruinous condition; but repaired by the order of this lady. See another letter, June 15, 1732. N.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 30, 1729, N. S.

I TOOK a letter of yours from Pope, and brought it to this place, that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to day: when I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken.

Brussels, Sept. 27, N. S.

I have brought your French acquaintance* thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a what-d'ye-call-it than a farce?† Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the pro-

* Lady Bolingbroke. N.

† Bolingbroke is reported in a letter to Pouilly to have said, "You, and I, and Pope, are the only three men fit to reign." Voltaire, in the XIIth volume of his letters, denies this anecdote; and adds, "J'aime mieux ce que disait à ses compagnons la plus fameuse catin de Londres: mes sœurs, Bolingbroke est déclaré aujourd'hui secrétaire d'état; sept mille guinées de rente, mes sœurs; et tout pour nous!" It appears by Voltaire's Letters, vol. I. p. 13, that in the year 1722, he was at la Source near Orleans, with Lord Bolingbroke; to whom he communicated the first sketches of the Henriade, and received from him the highest commendations. DR. WARTON.

totype of your hero Oxford. I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and shall find it more as I proceed on my journey; little regret when I look backward, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland. I could complain of mine too in England: but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find, by long experience, that I can be unfortunate, without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving, though your old prating friend, Montaigne,* does something like it in one of his rhapsodies: to tell you my reasons would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter; but if you will come over and live with Pope and me, I will show you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending, without anxiety, two or three stages more. In short, Mr. Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex,† you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs; and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason,

* Yet there are few writers that give us such an insight into human nature as this old prater. Dr. Warton.

† Dawley, near Hounslow Heath. N.

not custom (which is sometimes the reason, and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world.) Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad brimmed beaver, your gown, scarf, or even that emblematical vestment, your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at.

Ostend, Oct. 5.

And yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged. Since I am likely to wait here for a wind, I shall have leisure to talk with you more than you will like perhaps. If that should be so, you will never tell it me grossly; and my vanity will secure me against taking a hint.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more toward his *exit*, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose fame as the end; and good, or, at least, great actions as the means. You go farther: you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beside your own: I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Calais, Oct. 9.

I go on from this place, whither I am come in hopes of getting to sea, which I could not do from the port of Ostend.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all, perhaps, it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion, or this direction of self love, into your aid. Tacitus has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.* But now, whether we consider fame as a useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of, methinks our entrance into life, or, to speak more properly, our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardour. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us, toward our exit, this scene of action is, or should be, closed; and then methinks it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame, the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure; when it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5, o. s.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: you are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland.* Though I have built in a part of the world† which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution; and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Pope tells me he has a letter of yours, which I have not seen yet. I shall have that satisfaction shortly; and shall be tempted to scribble to you again, which is another good reason for making this epistle no longer than it is already. Adieu, therefore, my old and worthy friend. May the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you as ever they did on any man who lived to be old! and may the moral evils which surround us make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in!

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you; she is faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned, and disappointed, not to find you in this island at her return; which hope both she and I had been made to ertertain before I went abroad.

* In the county of Armagh, the celebrated spot called Drapier's Hill. N.

† Dawley. See p. 268. N.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter; it is you were my hero, but the other* never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations.† But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a what-d'ye-call-it than yours: for, I declare, yours was *unie;* and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not. I was forty-seven years old when I began to think of death;‡ and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep. I writ to Mr. Pope and not

* Lord Oxford. H.

† This is a remarkable sentence; and conveys a depreciating idea of Lord Oxford, whom we had imagined Swift preferred to Bolingbroke. H.

‡ The year of Queen Anne's death. H.

to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons:* you born to a great fortune: yet I see you with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: But yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible) than ever you were in your highest exaltation; only I grieve like an alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnessess (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the figure of living, (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope) I do not mean the parade, but the suitableness to your mind; and as for the pleasure of giving, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase) could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with

* Soon after the publication of Lord Orrery's Remarks, his lordship was attacked by two or three writers of Memoirs of Dr. Swift; in which, as each finds matter for censure in his predecessor, so all of them are open to still further correction. Is it not strange, that none of them should take notice of Swift's inconsistency with himself, in his narrative of his own family? If in the memoirs he left, published by his kinsman, it appears his parents had no other children but a *daughter* and himself; in his Letter to Lord Bolingbroke, he no less expressly says, he was "the YOUNGER *son* of a younger branch of a family not undistinguished in its time." Whether it is inaccuracy only in expression, that he calls himself a *younger* son, because he had a sister born before him; or whether he intended among his English friends to disclaim his sister, who had offended him in marriage, I leave others to determine. Men of genius, I know, are above regarding minute mistakes; their very failings pass for wit. W. B.

Mr. Pope and me at the deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried.—No, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philosopha verba, ignava opera;* I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live on fifty pounds a year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to) but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate*. My lord, what I would have said of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*; I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age, through the whole world. My lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

FROM MR. GAY.

Middleton-Stoney, Nov. 9, 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing, which you have often put me in mind of, the overrunning you with an answer be-

fore you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I still write and write on, without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr. Pope: let Mr. Pope hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I should have said, very just to me. You seem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you. I have been in Oxfordshire with the Duke of Queensberry for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new writing a damned play, which I wrote several years ago, called The Wife of Bath.* As it is approved or disapproved of by my friends, when I come to town, I shall either have it acted, or let it alone, if weak brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly indeed is a word, that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying, that he is wise that knows himself. What has happened of late, I think, is a proof that it is not limited to the wise.

My Lord Bathurst is still our cashier: when I see him, I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the five pounds out of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town; not at Whitehall, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for

* This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the theatre in Drury lane in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived several years after [1729-30] at the theatre in Lincoln's inn fields, and condemned a second time, although the author's reputation was then at its height from the uncommon success of his Beggar's Opera. H.

me, and were disposed of. Direct to me at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington gardens, near Piccadilly. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you mistook me; for I know by experience that there is no dependance that can be sure, but a dependance upon one's self. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or not. I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely and most affectionately,

J. GAY.

P. S. To the lady I live with, I owe my life and fortune: think of her with respect; value and esteem her as I do; and never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish too you would not eat from the point of your knife.* She has so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.

TO A CERTAIN ESQUIRE.

SIR, *Jan.* 3, 1729-30.

SEEING your frank on the outside, and your address in the same hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us: That your tithes being generally worth five or six pounds *per annum*, and by the terror of squireship,

* See the letter of Feb. 15, 1727-8. N.

frighting my agent to take what you graciously thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my due every year: That having held from your father an island worth three pence a year, which I planted and paid two shillings annually for, and being out of possession of the said island seven or eight years, there could not possibly be above four shillings due to you; for which you have thought proper to stop three or four years tythe, at your own rate of two pounds five shillings a year (as I remember) and still continue to stop it, on pretence that the said island was not surrendered to you in form; although you have cut down more plantations of willows and abeles, than would purchase a dozen such islands. I told my friend, "That this talent of squires prevailed very much formerly in the country: That as to yourself, from the badness of your education, against all my advices and endeavours, and from the cast of your nature, as well as another circumstance which I shall not mention, I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: That I had expostulated this scurvy matter very gently with you: That I conceived this letter was an answer: That from the prerogative of a good estate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Irish wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was sure your answer would be extremely rude and stupid, full of very bad language in all senses: That a bear in a wilderness will as soon fix on a philosopher as on a cottager; and a man wholly void of education, judgment, or distinction of persons, has no regard, in his insolence, but to the passion of fear: and how heartily I wished, that to make you show your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons than the Dean of St. Patrick's."

All this happened before my opening your letter; which being read, my friend told me, "I was an ill

guesser; that you affirmed you despised me only as a clergyman, by your own confession; and that you had reason, because clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourself as what you are an utter stranger to."

I took some pains in providing and advising about your education; but, since you have made so ill use of my rules, I cannot deny, that according to your own principles, your usage of me is just. You are wholly out of my danger: the weapons I use will do you no hurt; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe, you are insensible. A needle against a stone wall can make no impression. Your faculty lies in making bargains: stick to that. Leave your children a better estate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiser than I, who gave among you fifty years purchase for land, for which I am not to see one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reside among you whenever any of your posterity shall be able to distinguish a man from a beast. One thing I desire you will be set right in: I do not despise all squires. It is true, I despise the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a squire must have some merit before I shall honour him with my contempt; for I do not despise a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you send me an answer to this, I shall not read it, but open it before company, and in their presence burn it; for no other reason but the detestation of bad spelling, no grammar, and that pertness which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taste.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it, as a mark of my esteem for you; which, however, perhaps I shall not pursue: for I could willingly excuse our two names from standing in the

same paper, since I am confident you have as little desire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wish many happy new years to you and your family; and am, with truth,

Your friend and humble servant.

Let me add something serious: That, as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour; so, I confess, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeness: which, as it was my own standing rule never to do, except in cases where I had power to punish it, so my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good: for, with every fault in your nature, your education, and your understanding, I never imagined you so utterly devoid of knowing some little distinction between persons.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN, *Feb.* 12, 1729-30.

I HAVE this moment received a letter from you; but it is the first I can call a letter: the other scraps were only to direct me to convey your correspondence to others, and I thought I answered them best by obeying your demands. But now you have deigned to send me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a postday; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you how much I think myself obliged to you, and how sincerely I am ——

Well, I might end here, if I would; but I cannot part with you so soon; and I must let you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off John Gay, I still keep your two hundred pounds, for which I

have given him a note. I have paid him interest to this time for it, which he must account to you for. Now you must imagine, that a man who has nine children to feed, can not long afford *alienos pascere nummos;* but I have four or five, that are very fit for the table.* I only wait for the lord mayor's day to dispose of the largest; and I shall be sure of getting off the youngest, whenever a certain great man† makes another entertainment at Chelsea. Now you see, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raise a supply answerable to your demand. I must own to you, that I should not have thought of this method of raising money, but that you seemed to point it out to me. For, just at the time that scheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for Ireland, you gave me a hint in one of the envelops [*Anglicè* covers] that you wished I might provide for my numerous family; and in this last you harp upon the same string. I did immediately propose it to Lady Bathurst, as your advice, particularly for her last boy, which was born the plumpest, finest thing, that could be seen; but she fell in a passion, and bid me send you word, that she would not follow your direction, but that she would breed him up to be a parson, and he should live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then, instead of being eat himself, he should devour others. You know women in passion never mind what they say; but, as she is a very reasonable

* This alludes to a tract of the dean's, entitled, "A modest Proposal for preventing the Children of poor People in Ireland from being a burden to their Parents or Country, and for making them beneficial to the Public." The dean had proposed many useful schemes, which having been neglected, he satirically and humourously proposed to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent misery to themselves, and render them of some benefit to the public. *H.*

† Sir Robert Walpole. *B.*

woman, I have almost brought her over now to your opinion; and having convinced her, that as matters stood, we could not possibly maintain all the nine, she does begin to think it reasonable the youngest should raise fortunes for the eldest: and upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for, if he should happen to get twins, the selling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, while his wife lies in with one child, he should get a second upon the body of another woman, he might dispose of the fattest of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this scheme, the more reasonable it appears to me; and it ought by no means to be confined to Ireland; for, in all probability, we shall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe, indeed, we shall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large assembly* not far from Westminster-hall, and I found them roasting a great fat fellow.† For my own part, I had not the least inclination to a slice of him; but, if I guessed right, four in five of the company had a devilish mind to be at him. Well, adieu, you begin now to wish I had ended, when I might have done it so conveniently.

* The parliament. B.
† Sir Robert Walpole. B.

ADVERTISEMENT BY DR. SWIFT,

IN HIS DEFENCE AGAINST JOSHUA, LORD ALLEN.

Feb. 18, 1729.

"WHEREAS, Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, hath been credibly informed, that on Friday, the 13th of this instant February, a certain person did, in a public place, and in the hearing of a great number, apply himself to the right honourable the lord mayor of this city, and some of his brethren, in the following reproachful manner: 'My lord, you and your city can squander away the public money, in giving a gold box to a fellow who has libelled the government!' or words to that effect. Now, if the said words, or words to the like effect, were intended against him the said dean, and as a reflection on the right hon. the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons, for the decreeing unanimously, and in full assembly, the freedom of this city to the said dean, in an honourable manner, on account of an opinion they had conceived of some services done by him the said dean to this city, and to the kingdom in general: The said dean doth declare, that the said words, or words to the like effect, are insolent, false, scandalous, malicious, and in a particular manner perfidious: the said person, who is reported to have spoken the said or the like words, having for some years past, and even within some few days, professed a great friendship for the said dean; and, what is hardly credible, sending a common friend of the dean and himself, not many hours after the said or the like words had been spoken, to renew his profession of friendship to the said dean, but concealing the oratory, whereof the dean had no account till the following day, and then told it to all his friends."

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *London, March* 3, 1729-30.

I FIND you are determined not to write to me, according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have writ to you before, to have let you know the present state of your affairs, for I would not have you think me capable of neglecting yours, whatever you think of me as to my own. I have received 21*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* interest from Lord Bathurst for your 200*l.* from Oct. 1727 to Christmas 1729, being two years and two months, at 5 per cent. Lord Bathurst gave me a note for your 200*l.* again, and to allow interest for the same, dated Jan. 15, 1729-30. If you would have me dispose of your money any other way, I shall obey your orders. Let me know what I shall do with the interest money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myself, which will be always the way of my transacting any thing for you. My old vamped play got me no money; for it had no success. I am going very soon into Wiltshire with the Duke of Queensberry, with intention to stay there till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another summer's air, and exercise, will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you cannot require any poetry from me. I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr. Pope a day or two ago, in good spirits, and with good wishes for you; for we always talk of you; the Doctor* does the

* Dr. Arbuthnot. N.

same. I have left off all great folk but our own family; perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our present situation. I do not hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

Direct for me at the Duchess of Queensberry's, in Burlington gardens.*

* Endorsed, "Answered March 1." N.

END OF VOL. SEVENTEEN.

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C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,
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